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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1986 · WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 12 1938

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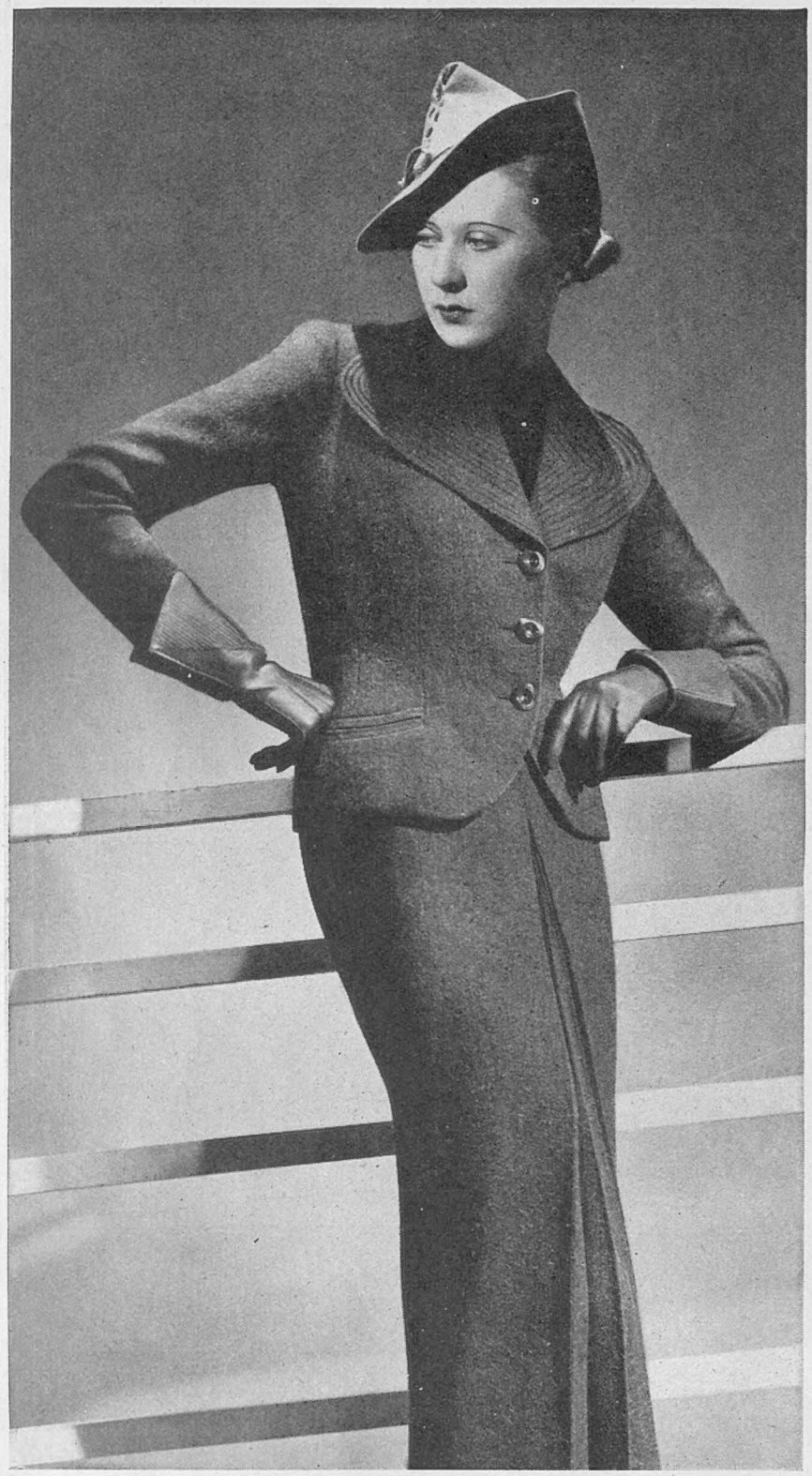

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Volume CLII No. 1986

The SPHERE, London, February 12, 1938

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 12, 1938

FARIDA: FIRST QUEEN *of the New* INDEPENDENT EGYPT

King Farouk's Consort Posing in Her Flowing Wedding Gown in the Abdin Palace, Cairo

The land of the Pharaohs, at long last entering upon a new and promising era, has for nearly 2,000 years been a cockpit of the Mediterranean world. Torn by fratricidal wars in the latter days of the Ptolemies, and existing only by favour of Rome; in the Middle Ages a mere province of the Empire of the Caliphs, and a battle ground of Mameluke factions; in later times a Turkish vassal State, the prey of Napoleonic ambition, and finally, for its own welfare, a British protectorate, Egypt has had a stirring but far from happy history. Now has come a turning point and since the autumn of 1936, when the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty was signed at the Foreign Office, Egypt has been a Sovereign Independent State—free, for better or worse, to control her own affairs. Set over her is a young and energetic King, universally admired, and beside him on the throne is his beautiful Consort, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Yussuf Pasha Zulficar, Vice-President of the Mixed Court of Appeal. There is no doubt that the highly romantic union has caused immense satisfaction in Egypt, while to this country, which is attached to Egypt by many close ties of interest and goodwill as well as by the links of a military alliance, it gives gratifying evidence that the Egyptian Throne is based upon the sincere affection of the people

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A London Newsletter

DENMARK'S NEW MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES: Count Eduard Reventlow leaving his Legation in Pont Street for Buckingham Palace where he was received in audience by the King last week and presented the Letters of Recall of his predecessor and his own Letters of Credence on taking up his appointment. Count Eduard was formerly Danish Minister to Sweden

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, February 9, 1938.

MASS MADNESS.—The Spanish civil war has been well described as the most remarkable example of collective madness in the history of Europe. As the disease runs its course, its symptoms grow more violent. Poisons breed poisons and old sores create new sores. Europe watches in Spain to-day a family vendetta which has become inspired to blind fury by outrages on both sides. Strategic considerations are forgotten in a maniacal impulse to slaughter, not for any defined military purpose but for revenge. Even the excuse that these wholesale bombings of open towns are calculated to weaken the enemy's will to resist will not stand. No civilised people in our time has been cowed to submission by hate and frightfulness. On the contrary, the history of the last thirty years proves conclusively the very opposite. Europe watches a once great and essentially national people given over to the frenzy of murder for revenge, watches the extermination by hundreds a week of babies, women, and innocent non-combatants. Anti-Christ is at war with anti-Christ, and the warmest partisans on either side begin to revise their views of the "justice" of the cause they supported and of the quality of the men who direct its campaign. Innocents have been slaughtered time and again in the history of the nations, but never before with so little show of reason or justification, if justification could ever be pleaded. Perhaps these thousands of Spanish children and women will "not have died in vain" if this hideous example of mass madness is taken to heart by the nations who watch its frenzy. Every bomb dropped on an open town must always be answered punctually. There is no such thing as a one-sided vendetta. The folly of aerial bombardment of open towns cries to Heaven. The British Government has announced its intention to attempt once more to bring about an international convention to limit the horrors of air warfare. This example of its madness in Spain provides an occasion which may not recur before another and even vaster series of mass massacres takes place. The time is ripe to put our civilisation to the test. If such a convention is rejected on the grounds of unequal advantage or otherwise, then our civilisation is weighed and found wanting. It is no better than a pack of wolves—worse indeed, since it cannot even limit its ruthlessness by the instinct of self-preservation.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.—Apprentices in the Parisian Cabinet-makers Guild received last week a substantial increase in wages. The Chamber of Deputies—following the example of its British counterpart—raised its own salaries to a minimum of 82,500 francs (between £550 and £600) a year. It is a strong union whose easy success in improving its standard of living is bound *encourager les autres*. In Italy the Duce not only praised but practised the goose step. From Press photographs one concludes that he did it to admiration. If properly reported he took his cue from Julius Caesar and said, "Let me have men about me that are fat: big-bellied men and men that step like geese." He is accustomed to getting what he wants. In Germany a Hitler purge was precipitated by the marriage of Field-Marshal von Blomberg to a young lady who had "sunk" to earning her own living. The Field-Marshal's resignation was paradoxically forced by the army, and the C.-in-C., von Fritsch, was simultaneously expelled. The Führer assumes, temporarily at least, both their offices. Britain's flying Ambassador, Herr von Ribbentrop, becomes Foreign Minister in place of Baron von Neurath, for whom is created a very confidential post as President of a Secret Cabinet Council on foreign policy. The Ambassadors to Austria, Italy, and Japan are all recalled and their successors are not yet announced. The ungummed Army chiefs represented and maintained the old tradition of the pre-war German army (and unfortunately its social prejudices). Von Blomberg was hoist by his own petard. He was a "white man" and an admirer of British institutions. His marriage has led to a general post on a grand scale. It is much too early to appreciate its significance.

PARLIAMENT.—The light is lit again in the tower. Parliament is sitting. There are fewer than fifty days available for talking before the Easter adjournment, and all are earmarked. The business of supply will use up a baker's dozen; private members nine or ten; the Coal Bill is taking half a dozen. Before Easter we shall know our Budget fate, and the Budget debate and aftermath will take four days. That leaves about eighteen days for such inevitables as foreign affairs and defence question debates, both of which are more or less inevitable, and some time may be allocated to discussion of the Irish talks and the Van Zeeland Report. Housing, films, and rent restriction ear-mark most of the time remaining. It looks as if some of the Government's proposed Bills will be held over beyond Easter. The share-pushers will enjoy a little more rope. Defence Service estimates must provide a good deal of sensation—and uncertainty also. The Navy estimates must be more provisional than ever before. By the events of the past few weeks all our building programme is in the melting pot. America has announced a vast programme even before Japan's building intentions are clearly known. If Japan proposes to go beyond the London Naval Treaty limit and to build 40,000-ton battleships mounting 16-in. guns we shall presumably follow suit. Then, our battleship programme must be re-cast and hideous supplementaries to meet an additional cost of £3,000,000 or more per capital ship are inevitable. The race in battleships will be the star event of the armaments race.

MR. CREEVEY'S CENTENARY.—The centenary of Thomas Creevey's death at 17, Jermyn Street, in the morning of February 5, 1837, did not pass unremembered. Who he was and what his parentage matter little to-day. His political achievements such as they were (and they have been under-rated) matter no more. He is often spoken of as a diarist. There is no proof that he ever kept a diary. If he did keep a continuous diary, it shared the fate of Byron's. It was burned, perhaps in Brougham's grate. He is remembered to-day only in his letters of friendship to his step-daughter, and in one or two short memoranda of striking events in his experience. Those jottings, in almost illegible writing, are *fons et origo* of his present fame, such as it is. If those letters had never been "rediscovered" in a Northumberland attic and edited

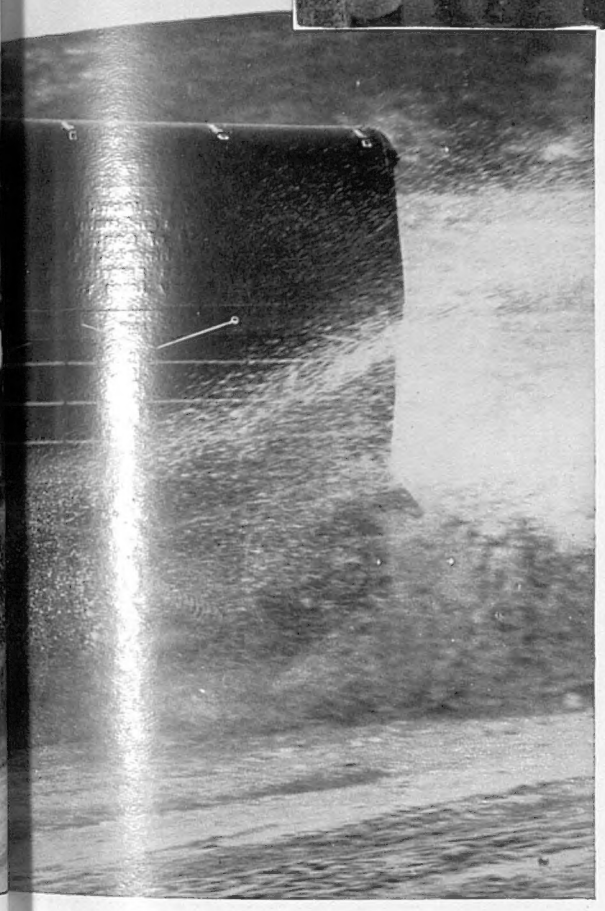
HOLLAND'S LONDON COLONY REJOICES: Count John de Limburg Stirum (Dutch Minister to the Court of St. James) and his wife with guests at the reception they gave at the Legation last week in honour of the birth of H.R.H. Princess Juliana's baby daughter. Since the birth all has gone well with both mother and child, and several highly satisfactory bulletins have been issued

his name had been to-day utterly meaningless, as the name of any other political hack who faded out with his generation. But they survived time and chance and will survive now. He gave us an immortal picture of life and times in the aristocratic Whig circle of Reform Bill days; he wrote a page of history during the Hundred Days. Our knowledge of Wellington is incomplete without him. He had not Greville's ability, nor all of Pepys' humanity. Greville wasted his talents, Creevey made the best of his politics and what we may call literature alike. And Greville, for all his candour and greater accuracy, is grey beside Creevey as a painter of the social and political life of that day.

SWEDENBORG.—My interest in Swedenborg was first aroused, with my interest in "thrillers," by my introduction to that pioneer and master of sensation novels, *Uncle Silas*. The mystery of the opening chapters owes much to the character of Dr. Bryer. The 250th anniversary of Eman

Swedberg's birth in 1688 (for such was his surname until he was ennobled after the death of Charles XII) was celebrated last week in England and at Stockholm. He was more than a mystic and a philosopher. He was a scientist, practical and far-sighted, and at least a century ahead of his times. His achievements hammer in the maxim that there is no new thing under the sun. Geologist, physicist, engineer, his theories and discoveries and practical experiments lit the way for the "pioneers" in accepted beliefs and discoveries of our own day. Kant and Laplace, even Einstein, were his disciples. So in chemistry was Dumas. His theories of light and cosmic atoms are astonishing to compare with the most recent "bombshells" on these subjects. He made a plan of a flying machine, invented a machine gun, cured smoky chimneys (a lost art), patented an economic stove. Late in life, his inquiring mind turned to religion and the doctrine he ultimately sponsored

LONDON PAYS TRIBUTE TO SIR HENRY IRVING ON THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH: The congregation grouped round the statue of the great actor in Charing Cross Road last Sunday during the short service of prayer following the laying of wreaths. Before this a longer service of commemoration had been held in neighbouring St. Martin-in-the-Fields, many noted members of the theatrical profession attending. Sir John Martin-Harvey read the lesson and the Rev. C. W. Hutchinson, chairman of the Actors' Church Union, delivered an address in the course of which he said: "Irving regarded his work with a religious feeling. He conceived of his calling essentially as a vocation, a service joyful but austere, from his first appearance on the stage in Sunderland in 1856 and his first line, 'Here's to my enterprise,' until the last night and the famous line from *Becket* at Bradford. He belonged to England as probably no actor ever will again, and his hold upon his audiences was remarkable. To him they responded as they responded to Dickens, for he belonged to them"



ALL OUT: An impression of the Mark III Light Dragon travelling at high speed during a demonstration of new equipment by the 1st Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery; a display given at Long Valley, Aldershot, for the benefit of students at the Staff College. This type of vehicle is fitted with a Ford V-8 engine and is capable of 60 m.p.h. when hauling limber and gun

is comforting, kindly, large, and the essence of Christianity. His "life of religion" is comprised in doing good. His "three degrees" of being are love, wisdom, use; or end, cause, and effect. His theosophic system was based on the claim that he had been admitted to the mysteries of the spiritual world and returned to earth as God's agent.

ROAD DEATHS IN AMERICA.—The National Safety Council of America has published its road-death figures for 1937. The statistics reveal our own awful problem as a flea-bite by comparison; 109 road deaths occur per day in the States. America, with three times our population, has six times as many road deaths (but it is fair to say that the number of cars per head of population is still immensely higher than ours). Indeed, the figures prove nothing but what every one knows. It is the number of cars on the road per mile of road which sets the figure of casualties. Every country is doing its utmost to reduce the hideous toll and make for greater safety. The percentage of error and recklessness is probably about the same among the road-users of all nations. If one could fix the figure of cars per mile of road in England, America, and Germany, one might be able to discover if German road-making has proved effective as a reducer of accidents. Meanwhile, America loses 40,000 of her citizens per year from road deaths, a 30 per cent. increase on 1933. She loses per year 100,000 citizens from accidents of all kinds. In a decade she loses over 1,000,000 citizens from accidents which infinite care and precaution could presumably prevent. Truly, we live dangerously in the civilisation of the twentieth century. Were the Dark Ages more dangerous to human life?

CHARLES MARTYR.—The curious ceremony which takes place every year round Le Sueur's famous equestrian statue of Charles I at Charing Cross, was carried out on January 30, on the 289th anniversary of his execution, and almost in sight of the window from which he stepped out to the scaffold. The Jacobite Societies were as usual represented. If the creed which some of them uphold is based on the right of the ex-kingly house of Bavaria to sit on the throne of Britain, I am sure no one to-day questions their loyalty to the House of Windsor. No murder or execution of a King was ever justified as sound politics. If Charles I put his head on the block by his own obstinacy and inability to understand the national temper, he was far less guilty of treachery to his country than was Louis XVI. Rather, his case is a parallel with Czar Nicholas's. Their murders did nothing to safeguard the revolutions which followed them. On the contrary. . . . But [the ceremony of January 30 is a perfectly innocent, a merely picturesque, act of homage to a King and man whose life was virtuous and ideals high, if narrow. The generosity and broad-mindedness of the House of Hanover to the Stuarts has been constant, and is natural.

PICTURES OF OLD LONDON.—The ninth of Sir Philip Sassoon's Loan Exhibitions at 45, Park Lane (in aid of the Northern Hospital) opens on February 15, and is devoted to views of old London, pictures of its "worthies", examples of its furnishings, and other works of art characteristic of London. The announcement is something of the suddenest, for the exhibition is of immense and widespread interest. Myself, I can think of none which could please me more, especially in the section devoted to views of old London, in which Canaletto, Scott, Sandby, and Rowlandson will figure prominently in examples of their work which few have seen. Among pictures of "worthies" lent to the show will be Hogarth's "Coram" and Lely's "Pepys". The Northern Hospital nets on an average £5,000 a year from these shows and this year it should top the £7,000 mark.

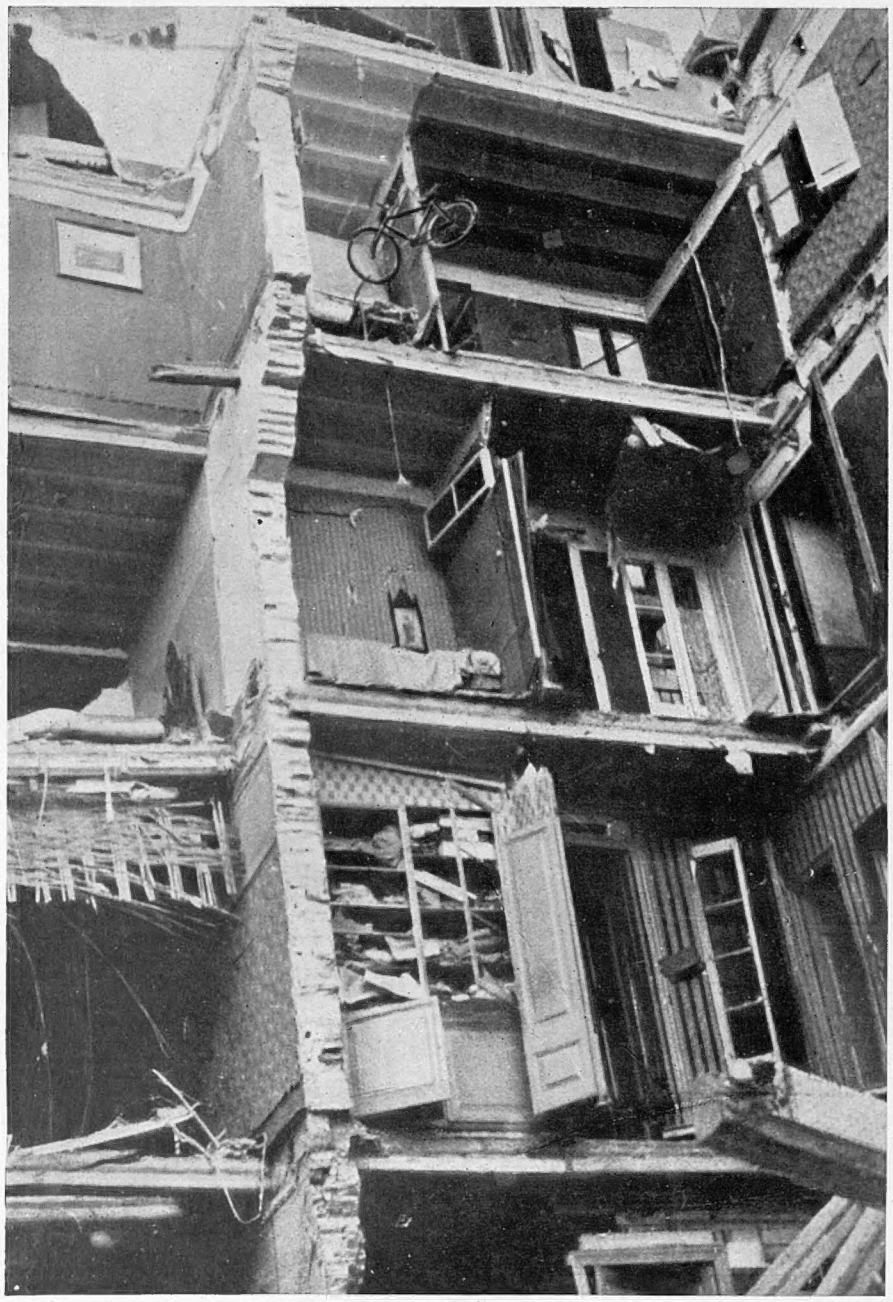
A NELSON FILM.—Herbert Wilcox plans a Nelson-Lady Hamilton film with Anna Neagle as Lady Hamilton. It is an obvious, if trite, theme for film romance, and in Technicolor such scenes as the battle of the Nile or of Trafalgar should lend themselves to superb results. But before it is too late, will Mr. Wilcox please to remember that (a) Truth in this particular story is quite as romantic and strange as fiction and that the facts are better left "unimproved". There is quite enough love interest without introducing Lady H. aboard the *Victory* during Trafalgar or insisting on a background of girl-powder-monkeys. (b) That in the huge bibliography of literature on Nelson and Lady Hamilton, there is an adequate percentage of sources of genuine and useful information. (c) That such films as *Disraeli* and *Wellington* (George Arliss) wasted their opportunities (despite good actors, big expenditure, and infinite pains) just because quite unnecessary liberties were taken with the facts in a mistaken attempt to make romantic history palatable for film audiences. (d) That even film audiences are not so crude and illiterate as film producers continue to believe. (e) That, in a word, Nelson and Lady Hamilton are "box-office" without fabricated frills and thrills.

ROYAL CONTRACT.—Whist was a good game. It stood the test of time. Bridge took its place and stole its clothes. Auction bridge became a good game. Contract was evolved from it. Now contract has been teased and twisted into every variety of complication and hazard, and has exhausted its permutations of excitement for fevered brains. A new suit is introduced, called (very aptly) Royals. (Royals are so popular). This gives a pack of sixty-five cards. Sixty-four are dealt out and the odd card remains the "perk" of the declarer who may exchange it for any card in his own or dummy's hand. Obviously the battle for gaining the declaration must be bitter, and reckless the risks taken. The rigour of the game was good enough for Mrs. Battle, but not for modern players. They cannot leave well alone and bridge has become pure labour and lottery. It is the métier of our generation to tamper with everything and spoil many things. At the moment the game is the rage only in Vienna. London and clubland are still exploring its avenues. No doubt it will be tried out here, because America is biting, and we follow New York. But any change in bridge rules is bound to create trouble and problems in clubland. In many clubs regular bridge was killed by the over-elaboration of rules and conventions in America.

THE OLD STAGER

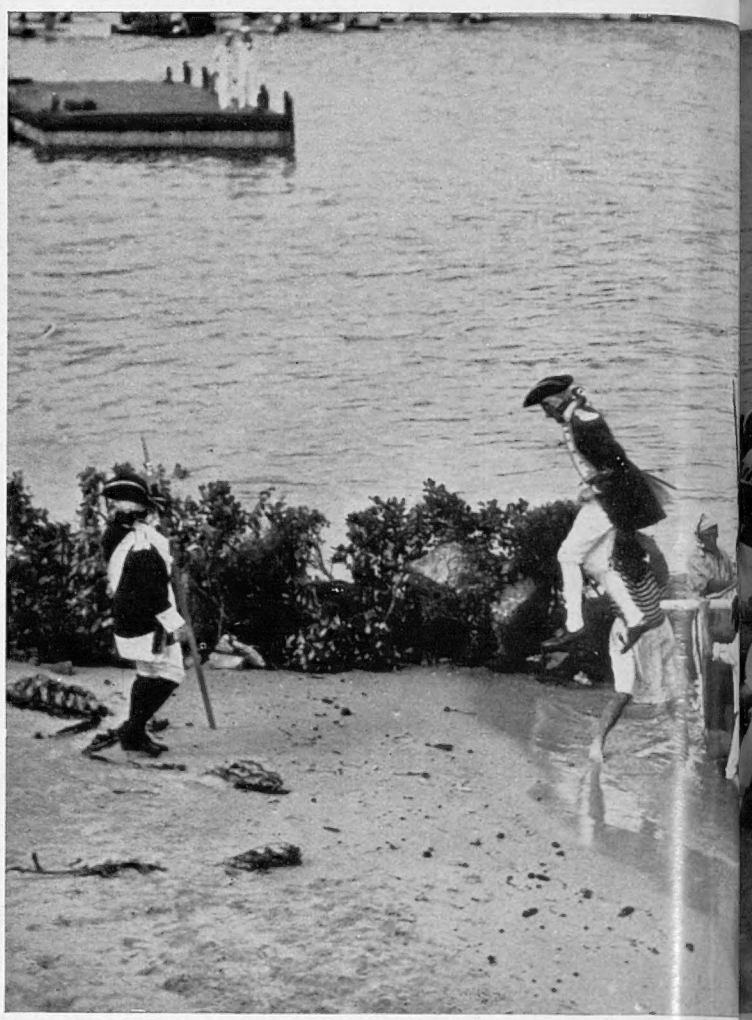
AUSTRALIA CELEBRATES 15

General Franco's Bombers Attack Barcelona : Göring Becom

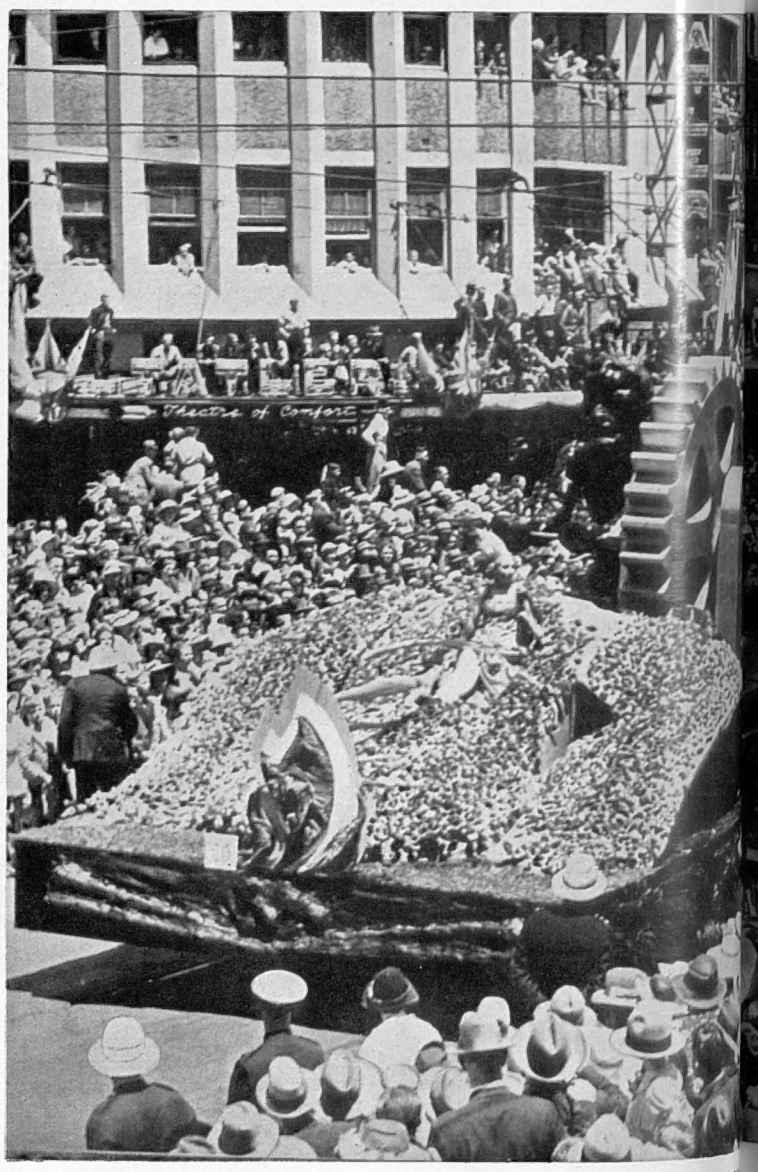


TERROR FROM THE SKIES: An apartment house in Barcelona with its rooms laid open to the public gaze after one of the recent air raids on the Catalan capital by General Franco's bombers which have been attacking from Palma, Majorca. In one raid alone the Mayor of Barcelona computed the death roll at 300. In the above view the bomb has cut off two-thirds of the rooms as with a knife—this clean-cut effect being due, apparently, to the absence of board flooring

WHERE 120 CHILDREN WERE KILLED: Removing a casualty from a shattered building in Barcelona following one of the recent insurgent raids in which youthful refugees from Bilbao were tragically involved. General Franco's air attacks on Barcelona would appear to have been even more violent than those he made on Madrid in October 1936. He has refused so far to come to terms with the Government regarding the bombing of defenceless towns



THE BIRTH OF A NATION: This was the scene in Sydney Harbour on January last when, in the presence of tens of thousands of citizens and many visito from oversea, there was re-enacted the historic landing of Captain Arth Phillip and his men on January 26, 1788, and the establishment of the fir white settlement in Australia. The whole episode was presented mo realistically, and as the flag was hoisted (a mile away from the ex



PAGEANT OF COMMONWEALTH: Decorated floats, each representing so phase of Australian development, passing through one of the main streets Sydney in the great procession which was such a feature of the open day of the 150th anniversary celebrations. The parade conjured up all t major events in the past century and a half, historical floats showing Capt

YEARS OF HISTORY

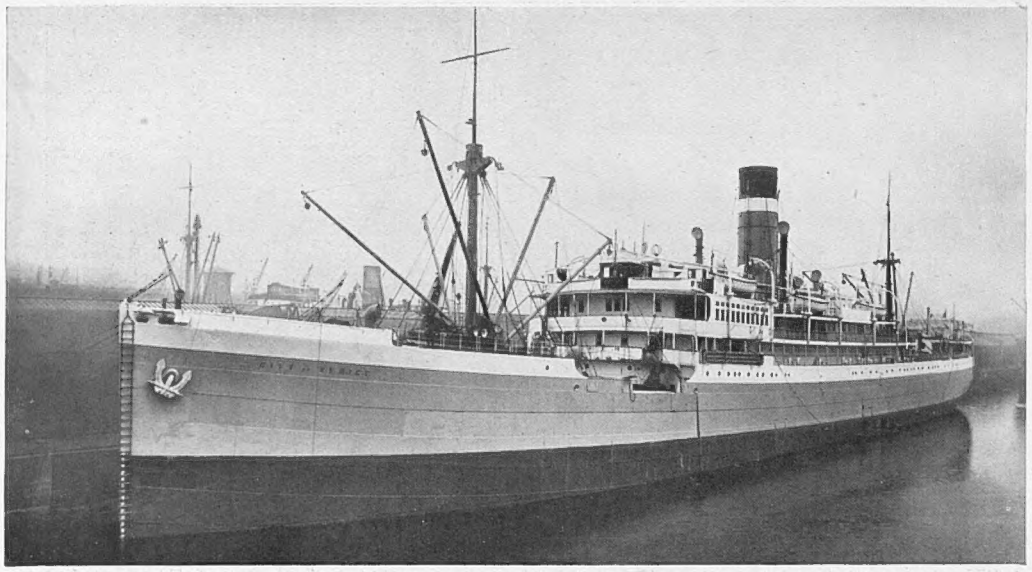
Field-Marshal : British and German Admirals Meet at Lisbon

spot where Phillip came ashore) H.M.A.S. *Canberra* fired a salute, the city's bells pealed, and steamers' sirens blared forth, almost drowning the cheers of the crowds lining the waterfront. Brilliant weather favoured the occasion, and the enthusiasm displayed was fully comparable to the memorable welcome given Their Majesties the King and Queen when in 1927 (as Duke and Duchess of York) they paid a visit to the Commonwealth

"HIS BLUSHING HONOURS THICK UPON HIM": General Field-Marshal Göring, who had just been promoted from the rank of Colonel-General, wearing a striking uniform as he walked with Frau Göring round the "Exhibition of Colonial Scenes", a display planned to demonstrate the charms of Germany's former possessions. Field-Marshal Göring has emerged, it seems, more powerful than ever from the recent crisis in Germany which led to the purge of the armed forces, but he has been foiled, for the moment, in his ambition to add the Defence Ministry to his other offices

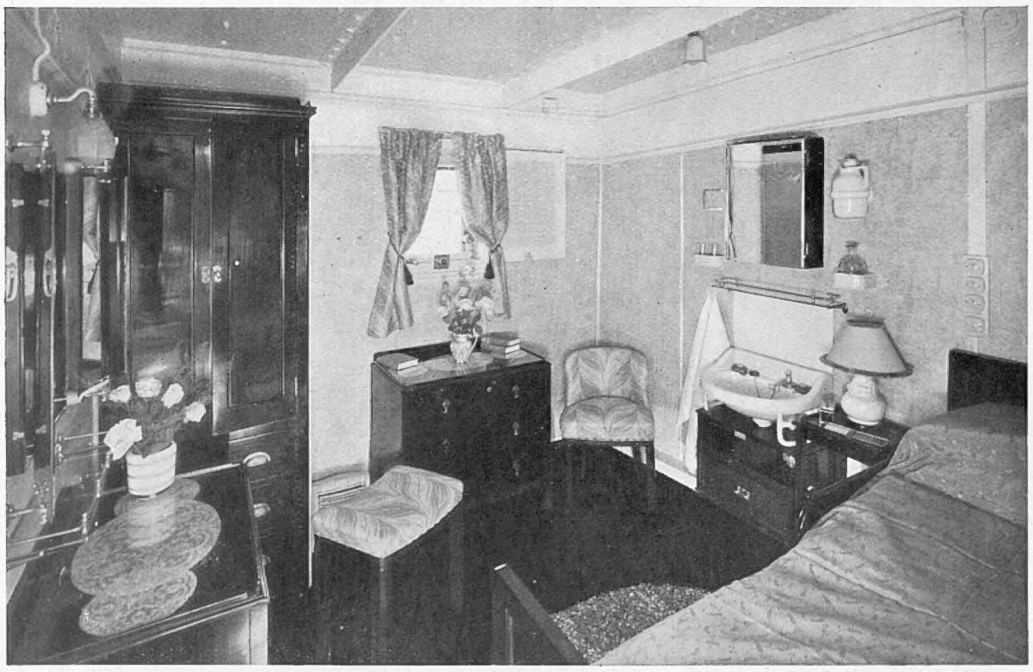
Cook's landing, Captain Phillip surrounded by officers of the "First Fleet," Captain Bligh's departure, and Captain Macquarrie planning roads and buildings, while aborigines in gunyahs, women in crinolines and other bygone fashions, explorers, prospectors and settlers, and soldiers in the gay uniforms of Colonial regiments, all contributed to the colourful scene

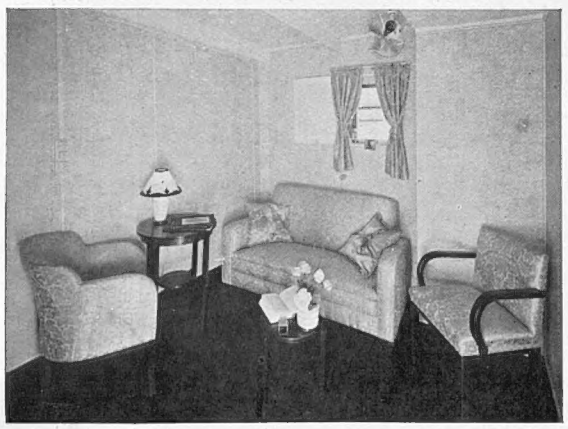
ADMIRALS MEET: Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. (left), Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, with Admiral Marschall, of the German Navy, on the German pocket battleship *Deutschland* which the former visited during a recent call at Lisbon. Admiral Backhouse, it has been lately announced, is to succeed Lord Chatfield as First Sea Lord in September. His brother, Admiral Oliver Backhouse, has also had a distinguished naval career and was in command of *Orion* at Jutland



TAKING ROYALTY THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN: The 8,762-ton Ellerman City Line steamer, *City of Venice*, in which it was arranged that H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood should embark at Marseilles on February 10 (last Thursday) en route to Cyprus where the Earl, in his capacity as Pro-Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England, is to conduct certain Masonic business

A SUMPTUOUS SETTING: The lounge of the *City of Venice* typifies the taste and comfort with which this liner is furnished. The ship is regularly engaged on the Ellerman City Line's service to India, but for the convenience of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, it has been arranged she shall make a special call at Famagusta, Cyprus, afterwards proceeding in the normal course to Karachi and Bombay



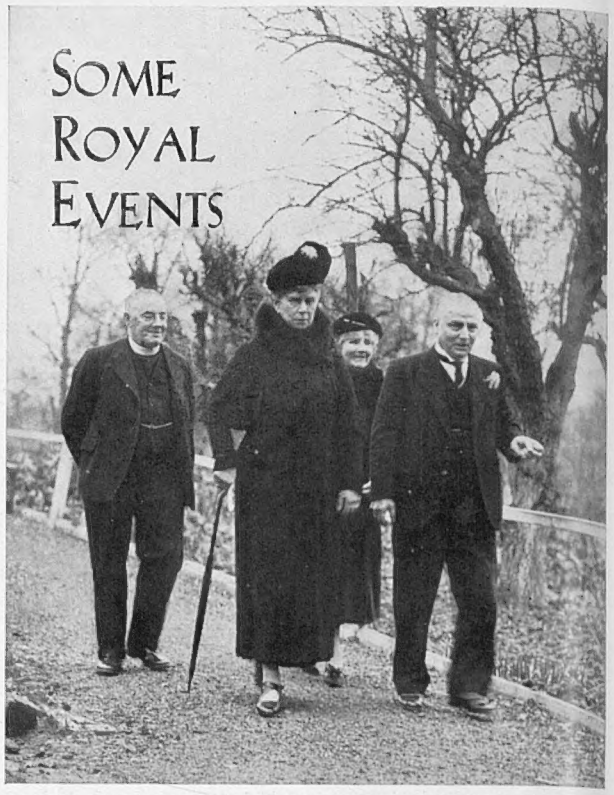


A FLAT AFLOAT: The bedroom (*above*) and the sitting-room (*left*) forming part of the suite placed at the disposal of the Princess Royal for her journey from Marseilles to Famagusta, Cyprus

A MASONIC MISSION: THE ROYAL JOURNEY TO CYPRUS

The Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood Bound for Famagusta in "The City of Venice"

SOME ROYAL EVENTS



QUEEN MARY walking through the grounds of Denville Hall, Northwood, Middlesex, during her visit on February 4 to the Home of Rest for aged members of the theatrical profession. Accompanying her are Mr. A. Denville, M.P., founder of the home, Lady Hicks (Ellaline Terriss), and the hon. chaplain

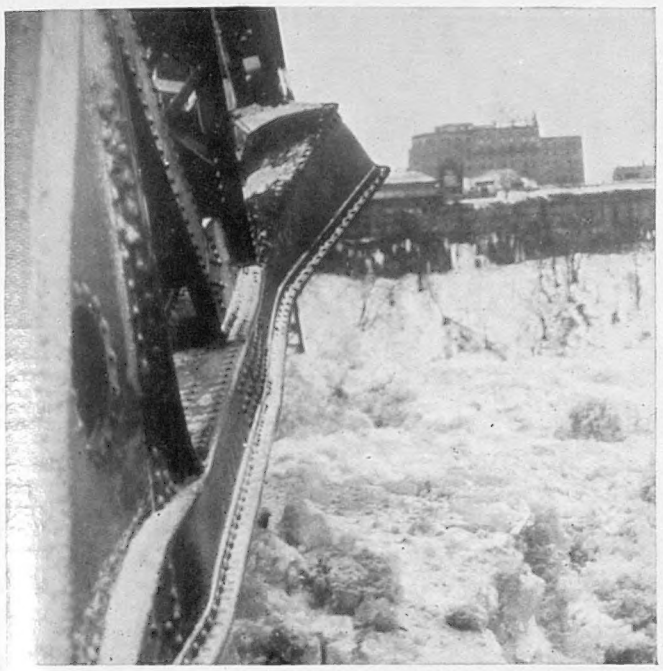
THE PRINCESS ROYAL accompanied by Lord Horder (left), on arrival at the Institute of Ray Therapy in Camden Road, London, N.W., to open the new extension. The place came into being in 1930 and has as its object the provision of every form of electrical treatment for people of small means. The extension includes much modern equipment

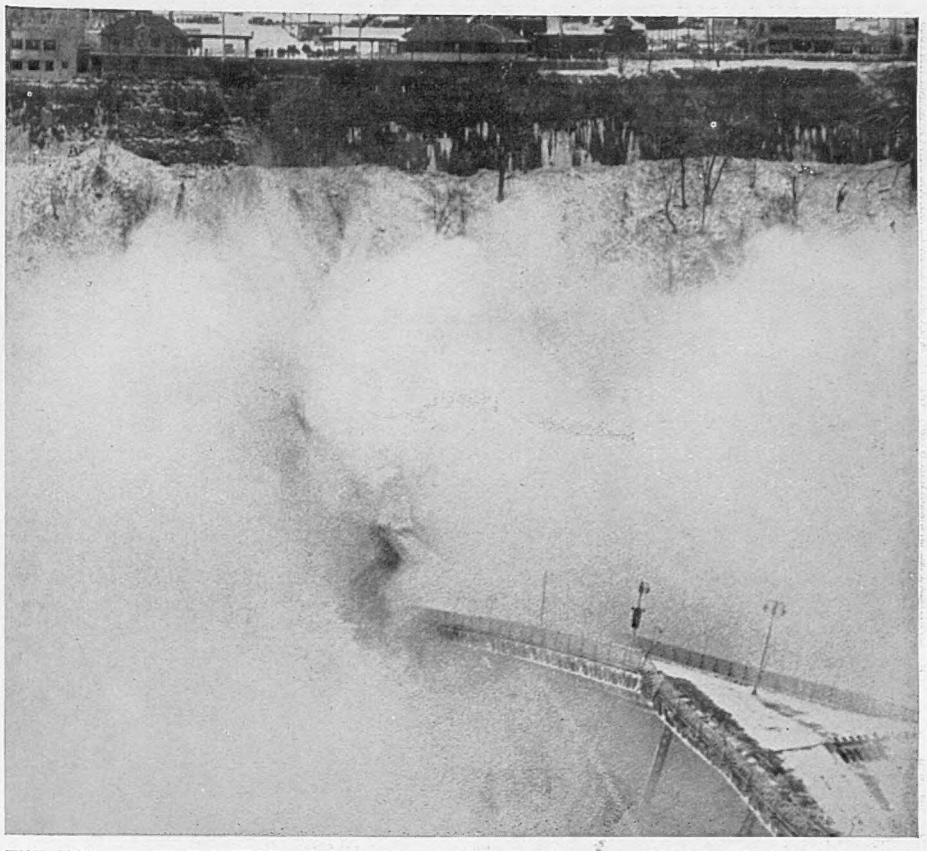
THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER receiving purses from the Gregory triplets on behalf of the Three Towns Nursing Association. A picture taken during Her Royal Highness's visit to Plymouth

NIAGARA FALLS BRIDGE WRECKED BY ICE

Dramatic Pictures of the Famous Span's Collapse into the River

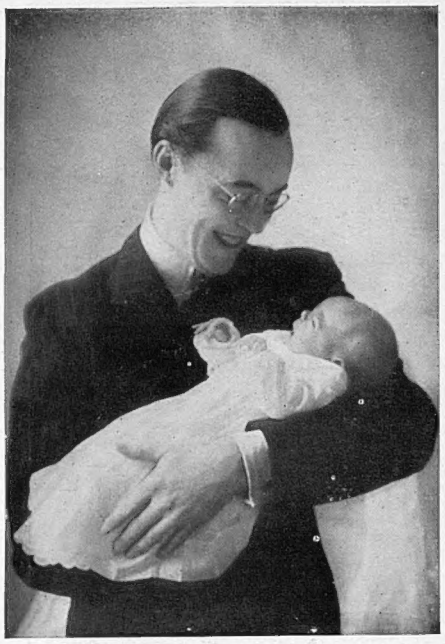
ICE AGAINST STEEL: A picture showing how the floes, which had been hurled over Niagara Falls, piled up against the famous Falls bridge, exerting such a pressure that the structure fell headlong into the stream. *Below*—One of the twisted girders before the crash





THE MOMENT OF DISASTER: A cloud of powdered ice and snow filling the gorge as the great Niagara Falls bridge, which was built in the '90s at a cost of £60,000, crashed with the pressure of the floes that had piled up against it. Ten thousand or more spell-bound spectators watched the death throes from the United States and Canadian shores. *Below*—The Canadian Power Company's 40-ft. high generating station engulfed by the ice after the workmen had evacuated it

TORN FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS in the rocky walls of the narrow gorge through which the Niagara River thunders after pouring over the American and Horseshoe Falls. A graphic impression of the 1,000 ft. bridge, weighing some 2,600 tons, following its crash in such dramatic circumstances, the great mass of steelwork being reduced in a few seconds to twisted, mangled wreckage. So immense was the pressure of ice against it, the engineers were fully prepared for the disaster and, as a result, there was no loss of life. Although there are half-a-dozen bridges across Niagara River above and below the Falls this one was unique because it afforded a direct view of the huge cataract. It was completed in 1898 and replaced an earlier structure which was wrecked by a gale in 1889. Soaring 165 ft. above the rushing water, it crossed the gorge in a single elegant span, and was open to all traffic on payment of tolls. The building of another bridge may be started this year



HE WANTED A BOY, BUT HE'S DELIGHTED WITH A GIRL: Prince Bernhard and his baby daughter—a picture taken when the little Princess was three days old. She has made thoroughly satisfactory progress

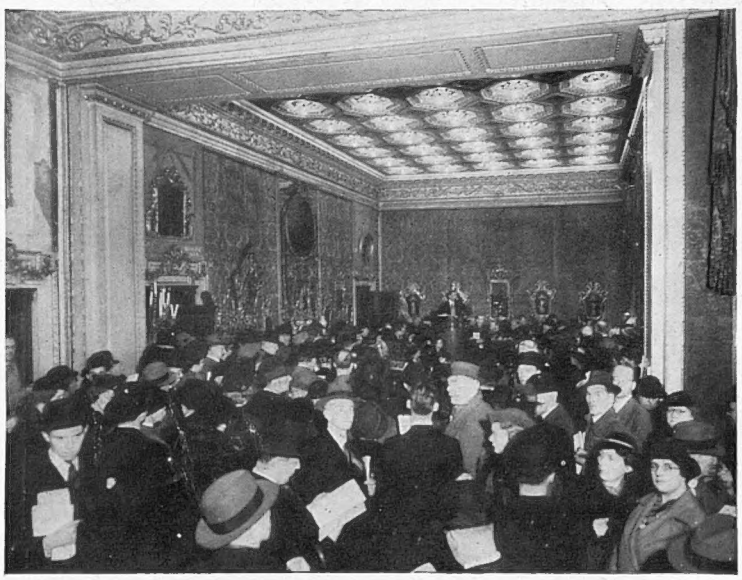
MEGAN TAYLOR TRIUMPHS: The Manchester girl, who was runner-up to Cecilia Colledge in 1937, pictured after her extremely narrow victory over Miss Colledge last Sunday in the Women's World Figure-Skating Championship

PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, who died in Athens last Tuesday, standing beside the Duchess of Kent, his youngest daughter, on his last public appearance in January—the wedding of the Diadoch Paul of Greece. The Prince was a skilled artist

LEASED BY THE DUKE OF WINDSOR: The Château de la Maye at Versailles, which His Royal Highness has taken over for a period of six months. The property is owned by Madame Paul Duprez, the American-born widow of a French newspaper owner

TO PARIS FOR HER TROUSSEAU: Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, granddaughter of the Earl of Strathmore and niece of the Queen, seen at Victoria before boarding the Continental boat train. She is to marry Lord Anson

MINISTER OF LABOUR LOOKS INTO THINGS: Mr. Ernest Brown (left) with Sir Thomas Phillips and Mr. C. J. Balaam at the London Divisional Office during his investigation of M. of L. activities in the Metropolitan area



LOOKING THEIR LAST ON HISTORIC NORFOLK HOUSE: One of the crowded rooms during the sale of the contents of this London residence which began on February 7. The wonderfully-lighted ceiling was a great attraction

A LAST LOOK *at the* NEWS

Items from Here and There

SEVEN *Against* EVEREST

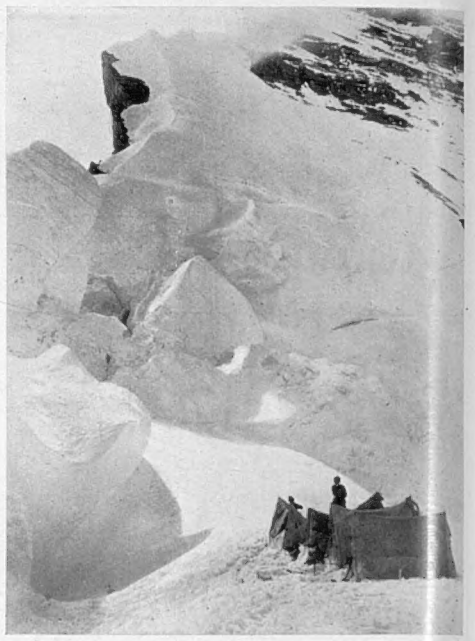
The Attempt To Conquer The Mighty Himalayan Peak With A Smaller Party: The Chances Surveyed

By FRANK ILLINGWORTH

MEMBERS of the 1938 Everest Expedition are actively preparing to set out for India on their way towards their final objective, the summit of the peak which ninety years ago Sir George Everest estimated as 29,000 ft. high.

Many climbers are of the opinion that the present expedition stands a better chance of success than did any of the previous expeditions, an opinion that will undoubtedly result in violent controversy amongst climbers, but one which it will be hard to contradict effectively. Apart from the excellence of the personnel, the expedition's main advantages are very evident.

Primarily, what the party lacks in numbers it will undoubtedly gain in mobility. And it seems only logical that the success of the climbers depends to a certain extent upon the speed at which can be delivered the final attack during not too frequent spells of fine weather. In all, the party has barely a month when the weather permits climbing at a great altitude, so speed will be seen to be an important factor.



CAMP ON THE NORTH COL: A picture taken during an earlier assault on Everest. The col is the first important objective of the climbers, and this year it may possibly be approached by a new and perhaps easier route

There has always been the school of thought that contended the numbers of the party were too great, and that consequently the mobility of the expedition was reduced. This same school felt that the advantage gained from the oxygen apparatus was very considerably reduced by the fact that all the life-giving equipment had to be hauled to the top of the peak!

Critics of previous expeditions are glad to know that the present expedition numbers only seven, and that every one of the seven is capable of making the "final assault." Previously there has been the "assault party"; and the success or failure of the expedition relied to an extent upon the climbing capabilities of this small band and the luck they had as regards weather. In the unfortunate event of an accident, or illness to one of them, the chances of success deteriorated. Such should not be the case with the 1938 expedition.

The present idea of sending a small party to conquer the giant Everest is presumably a natural follow-on after the results attained by the party which attacked Nanda Devi, and Shipton's party which carried out the survey of Everest in 1935.

Many climbers pin their faith to the small expedition, composed of members who can make lightning attacks upon the peak during fine spells. But even they cannot feel confident of the expedition's success for the difficulties to be met with on the peak are colossal. Many of them have already been met with and overcome, but there is still roughly 1,000 ft. of rock to be conquered and the climbers have only a very meagre idea as to the difficulties to be met with on this last stretch. Even the photographs procured by the air survey give conflicting accounts of the difficulties to be overcome. However, the climbers chosen to form the expedition are amongst the best mountaineers, every one well tested and proven.

Tilman, leader of the expedition, tells in graphic words some of his Himalayan experiences in his book *Ascent of Nanda Devi*. He stood on the summit of this 25,000 ft. giant in 1936, and has the distinction of climbing both Kenya and Kilimanjaro, the latter alone. In 1935 he was a prominent member of the Everest reconnaissance party.

Previous climbing companion of Tilman is N. E. Odell, probably one of the strongest members of the party despite his forty odd years. It was Odell who watched Mallory and Irving disappear into the mists of Everest never to return, and it might conceivably happen that he will be the first to set eyes upon them again.

Smythe and Shipton are probably the best climbers of which this country can boast. Both have had very considerable experience of Himalayan climbing.

Warren and Oliver can be described as assets to any party; both have had considerable Himalayan experience. Oliver made the second ascent of Trisul and Warren was climbing on Everest in 1936. Lloyd, the seventh member of the 1938 party has also had previous experience in the Himalayas and could be relied upon to give a good account of himself should he make the attack on the final wall.

Yet even with such a fine personnel as these mentioned, it is far from a foregone conclusion that the world's highest peak will be conquered. In fact, the chances are against the climbers. The time at their disposal is governed by the date of the arrival of the monsoon and the effectiveness of the north-west wind in clearing away the snow. Added to the filthy weather which can be expected, the climbers have to overcome both the natural dangers and difficulties offered by the peak, as well as the effects of altitude and cold. The cold produces a strange and dangerous condition of the brain which even the most hardened Himalayan climber may find difficult to overcome. The altitude affects the breathing seriously. However, possibly the strongest point of each member of the party is the fact that individually they have all been acclimatised to altitude.

MIGHTY SEAS CREATE HAVOC ON WELSH AND CORNISH COASTS

Aberystwyth Promenade Wrecked By The Gale's Fury—The St. Ives Lifeboat Capsizes When Going To A Rescue

BATTERED BY RAGING SEAS: A picture evidencing the havoc created on the promenade at Aberystwyth when, for the second time in a fortnight, this Welsh resort experienced the full force of a winter gale which whipped the waves to a fury and caused further damage to the already weakened sea defences. Concrete blocks were uprooted, windows smashed, and basements flooded. *On right*—The Alexandra Hostel with woodwork and sandbags filling the embrasures

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: The St. Ives lifeboat lying wrecked on the knife-edged rocks after it had capsized, then righted itself, and then been driven ashore near Porthmor Beach. At the time of the disaster it was engaged in rescuing the crew of the 2,310-ton steamer *Alba*, of Genoa, which can be seen in the background being pounded to destruction by enormous seas. The drama took place in full view of hosts of people lining the shore, and it was to a large extent due to their promptness in forming human chains that the lifeboatmen and so many members of the steamer's crew were brought to safety. Actually five lost their lives. "There was a big swell running when we put out," said the lifeboat's coxswain in a subsequent interview. "We got to the steamer, but we had to wait a long time for the engineer to come off. It was as we swung away that a big swell came up and turned us turtle. I never thought a thing like that could happen. The sea swept the men away, except those lucky enough to be hanging on good and hard. I was thrown 100 yards from the boat. I swam back with the seas helping me, and one of the crew gave me a hand to get aboard. These boats right themselves if they turn over. Those who had managed to stay aboard dragged back all those they could see, but some of the *Alba's* crew were swept right away. What happened to them none of us could tell"

RIVIERA RENAISSANCE

The Renowned Coast comes Into its Own Again as British Visitors throng Monte Carlo, Cannes, Menton, and Nice

THE MAGNET OF MONTE CARLO: The brilliantly floodlit façade of the famed Casino

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SIX winters ago, when the National Government invited all who didn't have to go abroad, to stay in the United Kingdom, thereby aiding the sick £, the Riviera entered on a period of difficulty only surpassed in the 100 years of its active existence by the extinguishing visitation of the world war.

So the Britannics were going, too! The bulk of the other foreign visitors, even residents, had faded already, tugged home by the great slump and the dear franc combined. Whether the Blue Coast could keep going would depend on how long the depression and exchange inequality lasted. So said the locals. One year, two years, perhaps even three years.

Well, that was in 1931-32 and here we are in 1937-38. The Riviera had to wait all that time to come back into something like its own, and that it managed to do so shows its resilience—and its perennial attraction. Not that one would give the present as a No. 1 winter season such as befell regularly in the gay and gaudy 'twenties. There is not the same genuinely "big" money flying about, owing to the cheapness of the franc, while the cosmopolitan aspect has diminished by reason of autarchy and war. Italians and Germans are not encouraged by their Governments to spend the national currency abroad, and vanished dispensers of the peseta used to furnish a notable contingent. A myriad refugees retrieve the international note.

It is, in fact, a preponderantly, almost an overwhelmingly British season. Never again should the natives have any doubt as to who really make their Côte d'Azur. At very first reasonable opportunity to return in former density, the Britannics zestfully conformed. I sat down with one of them, a former diehard absent since the slump, while he reflectively totted up what he thought had been the chief changes.

"The extraordinary thing," he began, "is how they managed to find money for all the development they've done. Monte Carlo has been brought slap up to date and big casinos have gone up at Cannes and Nice, but the new roads are what I marvel at—1,000 miles of them, I'm told, either newly built or transformed. The result is you can flit about with ever so much greater ease, which is a godsend. And if you don't want to go by road, there are the topping Michelin autorails doing Cannes–Monte in forty minutes, where it used to take twice as long. Why don't we have autorails?

"Of course it's the 'cheapest' Riviera one has ever known. For us, anyway. Prices have not gone up anything like in proportion to the approximately 100 per cent. more we are getting in francs for the pound. The locals are being sensible. They want to attract back old customers and get these to tell prospective new ones. So they are handing out a square deal, not skimping over menus or serving indifferent fare, as I believe is occurring in other parts of the country. Incidentally, we find the natives—the locals—more courteous and friendly. Perhaps they've benefited by experience. And, by the way, what about all this social trouble? Precious little sign of it down here!

"The climate—well, you've seen what a January we've had. About three dud days. I'm told last winter was better still, so we may safely mark the climate 'as you were, if not better.' (Last winter averaged 60 deg. at noon and 6 hrs. sunshine daily, over 7 months.) Another thing that strikes one is how on earth these places have contrived to conserve so much of their smartness. I know Nice is a bit of a hoi polloi city now, but Cannes and Monte. You can still get all the elegance you want at either, and in between, for that matter.

"Then, there's the totally new winter sport. It does one good to see all the youngsters trooping along, skis over the shoulder, almost as many girls as men. It must be giving a new kick to the coast, the best kick of all, that of youth.

"As for the gaming-rooms, dice seems to have caught on—and what a formality 'shaking' is at the Sporting Club at Monte! Obviously, though, with the franc at what it is, nothing like the stakes of old are being played at chemi and baccara. I'm wondering how the 'rooms' will make out. They look to be still up against a bit of a question mark. (They are. A horde of small winners is one nuisance: no longer do these go on and on until they inevitably lose.)

"Finally, one can't help noticing all the appurtenances of the now solidly implanted summer season, up and down the seventy-odd miles from St. Raphael to Menton. It appears that the succession of beaches, artificial or natural, are tempting visitors into the sea or at any rate to sun-bathe at a date they never dreamt of before.

"It only remains for the municipalities to get busy with their campaign against eyesore advertisement hoardings, one long shriek."

HE FISHES FOR CHIPS! Mr. R. G. Simmons, a noted figure in the baccarat rooms of Monte Carlo. Despite the Riviera's revival very few are staking on the old scale, says Ferdinand Tuohy, and gambling with the depreciated franc is not so likely to be a costly business

This commentator saw things through rosiest spectacles as, naturally, any returned Riviera fan would do. Local bankruptcies and closings galore in the bad years, even the plethora of empty or closed villas and other premises—stupidly run up as if the packed 'twenties constituted a norm for the future—escaped him. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, Provençal paganism has won through. "Relax and be gay." The Blue Coast has "definitely" come to winter life again, if on a changed standard. The modification being that far more people are disbursing, if spectacular spending among the few has lessened.

Only time can report on the economic consequences of this. For the moment, we see one result in the growth of Nice into a crowded city, now the fourth in France, ahead of Bordeaux. At the turn of the century, the Riviera's capital counted 35,000 inhabitants. The recent census figures showed 264,000. And it still goes on. Escapees from other regimes try to make a bee-line for Nice where living can be notoriously cheap and where the constant sun obviates the acquisition of a normal wardrobe. Not that such escapees are uniformly up against it financially. Rather do they form an appreciable section of the mildly spending foreign multitude.

A little imagination, and one really does see the Riviera slowly but surely preparing to develop into one of those great sun-cities of the future, visualised by Wells for popular relaxation in the machine age; a spreading sun-city that should always preserve given spots of chic and exclusiveness. But the existing political and economic mess will have to be weathered before that vision approaches even the outskirts of realisation.

So many things could happen to this coast did a fresh Continental conflict come to be precipitated. That was driven right home one morning up at Mt. Agel. It was a beautifully clear morning and I had gone up specially to catch a glimpse of the outline of Cap Corse, ninety miles away. The capital waters of Corsica—actually within sight! And neighbouring Fascist Ventimiglia just down there, a bare three miles off. I thought of Barcelona too, probably receiving its morning bombing—about 100 mins. direct flight. And Toulon only just round the corner. Very near to anything the Riviera could be, "in certain eventualities."

At present, the one visible effect of a patrolled Mediterranean is a certain absence of prominent yachts, such as the *Nimet-Allah* of the ex-Khedive who is oddly here without her. The largest private vessel is that of U.S. Ambassador Davies, now of Brussels after two years in Moscow where he made diplomatic history by arriving with everything on ice, sufficient to last his little circle for two years. The most used yacht is probably the up-to-the-minute *Sister Anne* belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes who looms so arrestingly in the more rarefied life of the Coast. After her, I should put Madame Serge Voronoff as most striking. At the Monte Carlo Opera, she appeared, a tall, slim figure, golden haired, in a stunning white ensemble—lace gown, ermine coat, and diamonds flashing.

The monkeys are 20 yards over into Italy, at the frontier Château Grimaldi, and they constitute something of a mystery. Do or do not wealthy ones, feeling their age, enter the château for gland grafting? Or is this now exclusively reserved for bucking up breeds of goats and sheep? And why is the doctor just in Italy when life is of such greater facility and less expensive in France? May the Duce be keeping an eye on this gland work? In passing, the day spent on the Italian side was dampening enough. Even the Germans, who used to throng San Remo, were not to be discerned. There was a sort of lifelessness abroad, "broken by the rumbling of the scrap-iron cart," also by nonstop wireless cantatricing in the motor-coach. On the outward journey a bevy of flappers returning from school had, in addition, sought to sustain lapsing Italian reputation for impromptu song.

The double frontier formalities take anything from quarter to half-an-hour. The French function rapidly, but the Italians want not only passports but details of the money you are carrying, while all hand-luggage and parcels are examined. One used to get over this frontier in a flash. The only ones who do that now are those who try to rush it—treading on the gas. Another way of crossing illegitimately into France is to swim 200 yards or so round a rocky point, boots fastened on the head. Clothes dry rapidly thereabouts.

Menton is utterly English, the hotel lists reading like Cromwell Road in the directory. And more bridge must be played locally to the cubic metre than anywhere else on earth. It was a pity Mr. Culbertson, at Cannes, had just had marital trouble or Menton might have given him a gala luncheon. But Menton is so strict. *(Continued on page 278)*

BEHIND THE TERUEL LINES

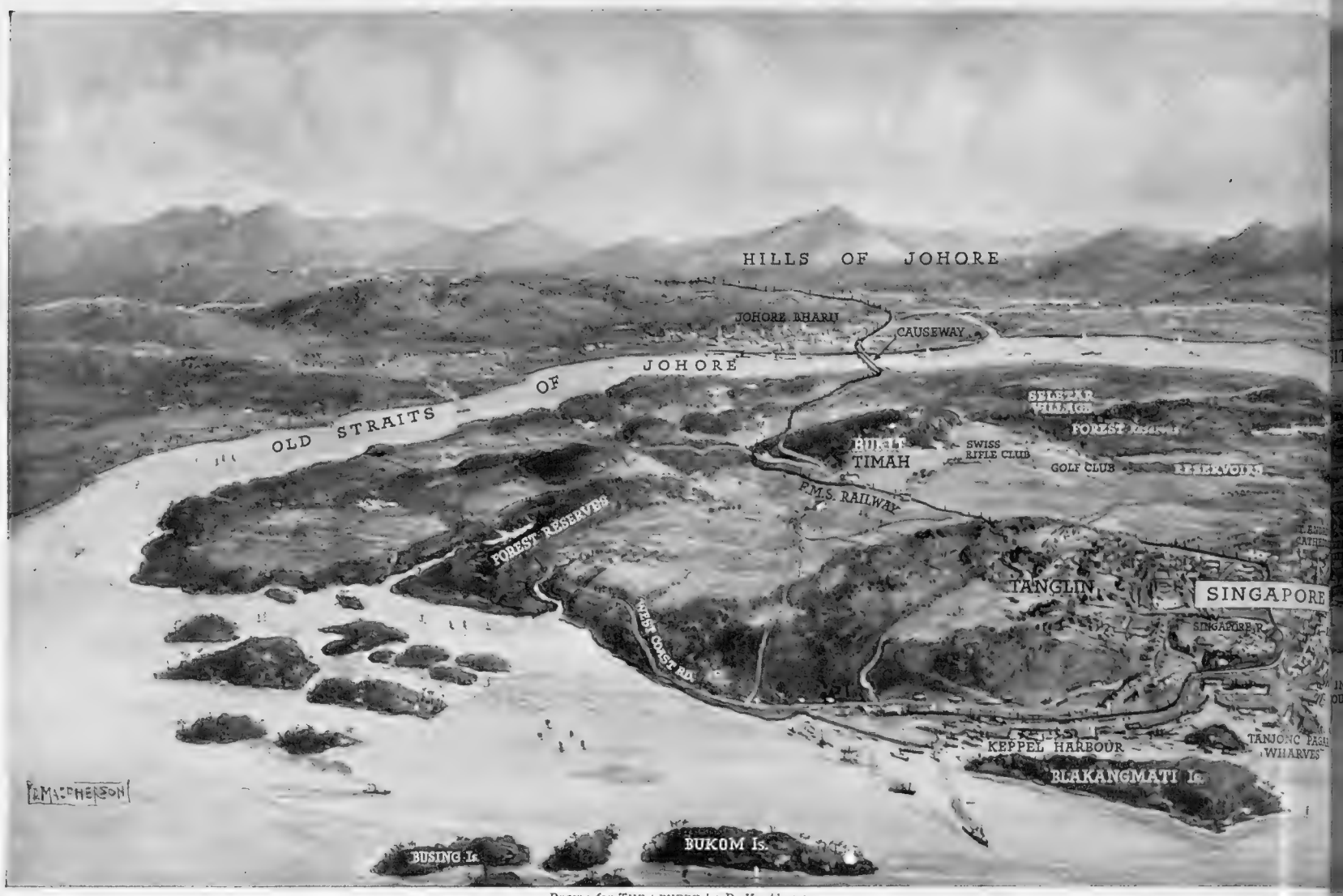
ON THE SNOW-BOUND ARAGONESE PLAIN: A Government supply column on the way from Teruel (the town captured from the insurgents in the New Year) to the lines where the Government troops have been waging a desperate struggle to hold on to what they have won

THE MID-DAY MEAL: Two Government soldiers taking their lunch in snowy surroundings on the Teruel front where the fighting has been quite as intense as at any other period of the Civil War

HIDE OUT AMID THE SNOWS: A peasant woman emerging from a bomb shelter where she had taken her family when fighting started in the vicinity of her home. The struggle before Teruel has been going on since Christmas time

KEEPING IN TOUCH: A Government officer using a field telephone when communicating with headquarters. A typical member of the new Republican Army

On left—MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS: A Government supporter on watch before a hole cut in a floor of a public building during the early days of Teruel's occupation when many insurgents were still holding out in parts of the town



Drawn for THE SPHERE *by D. Macpherson*

SINGAPORE ISLAND—A BIRD'S EYE VIEW: A diagrammatic drawing showing the relation between the city and port of Singapore on the Straits of Malacca and of the new £9,000,000 naval base, on the Straits of Johore, which is to be opened with due ceremony on February 14 by Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of the Straits Settlements, and has been the scene, during the past week, of joint exercises between British land, sea, and air forces, 10,000 troops, twenty-four warships, and many aircraft participating in an elaborate demonstration of armed might. The base is without doubt of immense strategic importance, and a survey of this aspect of it will be found in an article on pages 252 and 253

WHEN you come down the gangway at Tangjong Pagar, Singapore, you immediately begin to wonder whether this is just another port in India, or the first bit of China you are striking on the journey east. For the quays are full of Chinese and Indians. You will hardly encounter the native Malay at all, until you are well up town where the streets teem with all the many races of the Asian continent.

There are dignified Sikhs, half-naked Tamils with caste marks splashed over their foreheads, lordly-looking Arabs, diminutive Japanese, restless-eyed Bengalis, Armenians, Jews, and Turks thronging the sidewalk. Now and then you will meet an occasional Malay in colourful *sarong* and *badju*, but for the most part he has lost his identity in the anonymity of white drills. It is the Chinese who fill the streets, almost to the exclusion of other races. And that is not surprising when you learn that they form the greater proportion of the town's half-a-million population.

Yet among all this pot-pourri of races the European, of which the Englishman is naturally in the majority, lives his life in very much the same conventional manner as he would at home, playing his golf, tennis, or rugby football according to his age and tastes.

The island of Singapore is not very big, just 217 square miles, and is almost diamond-shaped with its length running east and west. Its length is about 28 miles and the breadth about 15 miles. Generally the country is flat, here and there rising to pleasant hills from which you can glimpse wonderful stretches of beach. To-day you can travel over most of the island on broad tarmac roads, and rarely will you be able to avoid the erect little rubber tree that gave the place its earliest prosperity. Both jungle and swamp have had to give way to this.

Now there is only one small patch of jungle left. T is at Bukit Timah, where the country rises to its hig point, 700 ft. From here you can see the myriads of islands dotted over the sea surrounding Singapore, and hills of Johore rising away to the north.

A railway bisects the island from Tangjong Pagar to the Straits of Johore, where it crosses to the mainl on a stoutly-built causeway. You can travel on this rail every bit as comfortably as in England or America. can have excellent meals served to you en route and in a berth, generally rather wider than those in Engl railways.

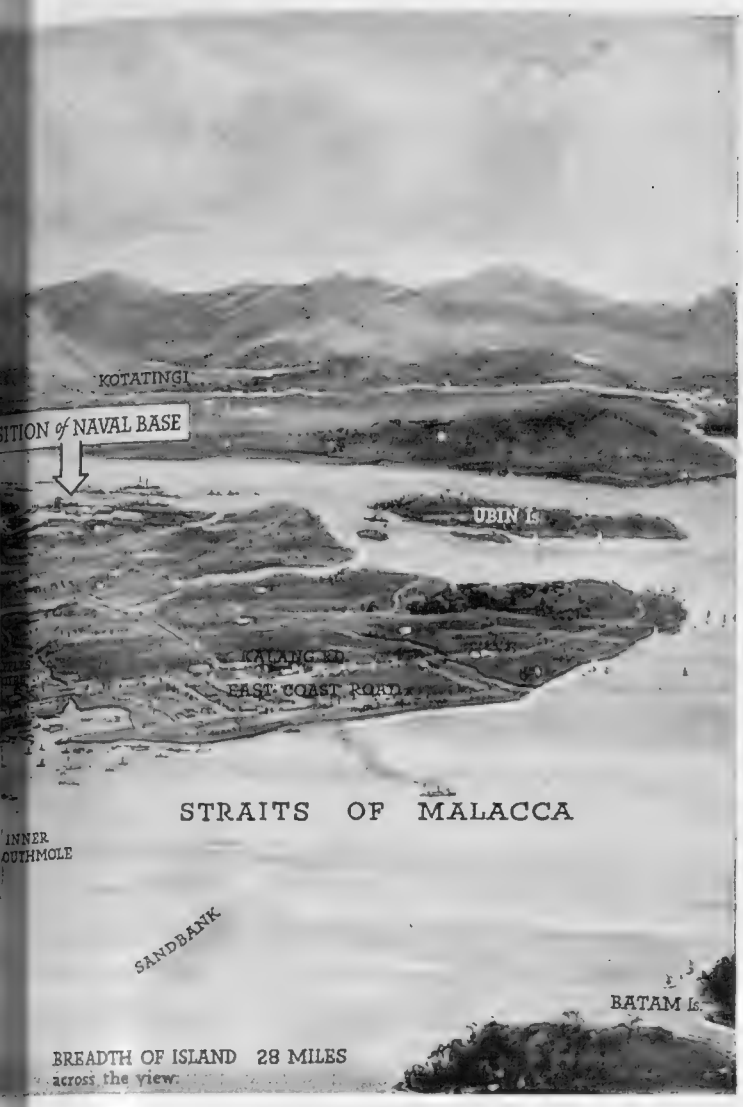
The naval and air bases are on the north side at Selet protected by the Straits of Johore. At one time was the most unhealthy region, but to-day swamp has gi way to granite gun emplacements, docks, and an aerodro as green and flat as a succession of tennis courts. Rub plantations run almost to the border of this reservati where Sikh sentries pace to and fro behind barbed w entanglements.

The town lies on the south of the island and occup a corner running from the docks at Tangjong Pa along the sea front out to the Kalang road. It fer a white glare of ferro-concrete buildings from Coll Quay to the Esplanade and then dwindles to rows Chinese houses built up to the water's edge.

On left—THE NAVAL BASE'S GRAVING DOCK, which is be opened next week, pictured during the work of constr tion when operations were well advanced. It is 1,000 long, 130 ft. wide at the entrance, with a depth of 35 ft. low water, and is capable of accommodating the larg warships. Ships from the China and East Indies statio with units of the Royal Indian Navy, will be present for t great occasion,—as also will three big American cruis

ALL EYES ON SINGAPORE

Where Many Warships Have Gathered for Combined Exercises Prior to the Opening of the Great £9,000,000 Naval Base



FOCAL POINT OF SINGAPORE LIFE: The Fullerton building, housing the Singapore Club, the G.P.O., the Chamber of Commerce, and certain Government offices, dominates the city's waterfront

The European residential quarter is out on Tanglin Hill, about three miles from the centre of the town. Here you can almost forget you are in the tropics at all. You might even be in Golders Green or Coulsdon, so English is the atmosphere. Scarcely a palm tree is to be seen here, while the place abounds in well-trimmed hedges, flower-bordered lawns and white, English-looking villas.

Jerome Willis

THE NEW NAVAL BASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES: A general view showing an excavator at work on the site of the giant dock which is to be opened by Sir Shenton Thomas next week. When preliminary operations were started in 1923 the area consisted of rubber plantations interspersed with tracts of wild jungle and low-lying swamp. Slowly but surely the engineers have tackled their successive problems. They have excavated 8,000,000 cub. yards of earth, filled in the swamps, razed hills, built wharves and barracks, and indeed effected a miraculous transformation. The land was provided by the Straits Settlements and towards the total cost of £9,000,000 or more the Federated Malay States have very generously contributed the sum of £2,000,000, New Zealand £1,000,000, and Hong Kong £250,000

It is most populous south of the Singapore River, where the business centre concentrated round Raffles Square with its modern blocks of offices is only a couple of streets away from teeming Chinatown. In the latter quarter the streets are almost impassable and the sights and sounds that assail the eye and ear are exclusively Chinese.

Crossing the Singapore river at Anderson Bridge, where the sampans and junks are packed as closely together as sardines, you emerge into hotel and clubland. Just over the bridge there is a broad stretch of green, where hundreds of Asiatics gather every Saturday to watch Europeans playing association or rugby football, according to season.

Not far from here is Raffles Hotel, known to everyone from Calcutta to Shanghai. Here you may dance on one of the best floors in the whole East and look out over a palm-fringed veranda to a blue flat lake of a sea, where almost every type of craft is at anchor or moving about. There are splendid private yachts, clumsy looking junks, neat steam pinnaces, cargo boats from all over the world, and graceful little sampans for ever drifting between them.

After leaving the outskirts of the town the country becomes swampy and flat until you strike the East Coast road. Then the swampy land disappears and long lines of coco-nut palms rise on either side of the road which borders long stretches of yellow beach. This is where the Europeans come to picnic during the week-end. It used to be very popular for swimming, but the presence of sharks drove bathers to Seaview Hotel or the swimming club, where they are protected by an enclosure.

SHIPS OF PEACE: Liners in Manila harbour, chief port of the Philippine Islands, which remains unfortified by the United States under the terms of the Washington Treaty which brought fortification building in the Pacific to a virtual standstill. Singapore was however, exempted from the treaty and thus it has been possible to bring to fruition the plans for the naval base. It was undoubtedly farseeing statesmanship that resulted in this exemption

MASSED MIGHT IN THE STRAITS OF JOHORE: Left to right—The aircraft carrier, *Eagle*, the 7,550-ton *Emerald*, of the 4th Cruiser Squadron, East Indies, the 9,850-ton cruiser, *Norfolk*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, and the 9,900-ton *Dorsetshire*, of the 5th Cruiser Squadron, China Station, at anchor off Singapore Island, where they have assembled with twenty-one other British warships for the combined exercises, which began last week, and for the opening of the new £9,000,000 naval base by Sir Shenton Thomas which is to take place on February 14. This picture has been specially painted for "The Sphere" by the well-known marine artist, Montague Dawson

THE official inauguration of the Singapore naval base on February 14 is not only an event of the first importance to the British Empire and many other countries. It marks a turning point in history.

The magnitude of the undertaking is a measure of its importance in Empire affairs. Millions of cubic yards of earth have been moved. Hills have been hollowed out or moved. Mangrove swamps have been reclaimed. Channels have been dredged. The naval base alone has cost £9,000,000 or more. If the cost of the military fortifications and the aerodromes is added, nearly £20,000,000 of treasure has been poured into Singapore.

The naval base has not been the sole concern of the British Government. Land for the base was given by the Straits Settlements and the Sultan of Johore; the Federated Malay States have contributed £2,000,000; New Zealand £1,000,000; Hong Kong £250,000. The Singapore naval base represents the greatest Empire co-operation on matters of defence since the great war.

The work on the base has not gone forward smoothly. Begun in 1923 work was suspended by the first Labour Government in 1924. It was resumed in 1925. The idealism of Labour saw in the Singapore base a source of annoyance to a former ally, Japan, which might jeopardise friendly relations between that country and Great Britain. Fortunately, realism prevailed over idealism. The great eastern naval base is completed at the critical moment; when aggression is rife in the Far East and when the idealists in this country are calling for steps to stop Japan from engulfing the whole of China.

The story of the Singapore naval base is the story of a change in major policy by the British Empire. Prior to 1922 there was no need for a Singapore base. Even the British naval squadron at Hong Kong was only for police duties and to "show the flag." The great possessions and important trade of the British Empire in the Far East were virtually unguarded. There was no need to guard them.

The only possible threat was from Japan, and Japan was our ally, drawing her strength and building up her navy and her claim to be regarded as a great Power upon the foundation of British encouragement and co-operation. But 1922 saw the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance—a step taken in deference to the wishes of America.

Without an alliance with Japan, there was no guarantee that a threat to British interests in the Far East might not develop. The British Empire had to take steps to ensure the protection of its own. The construction of a great naval base at Singapore was approved in 1922, and work was begun in the following year.

The choice of Singapore as one of the vital links in the scheme of Empire Defence was logical and inevitable. In considering the defence of the Empire one is justified in leaving Canada out of the reckoning, since war between the British Empire and the United States is unthinkable—and becoming more unthinkable year by year.

The remainder of the Empire lies between the eastern seaboard of the Atlantic and the western Pacific. Between these two frontiers there is one sea and one ocean—the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. The importance of the Mediterranean is largely centered on the fact that it is the short route to the Indian Ocean. It is from the lands bordering the Indian Ocean that come essential commodities for which alternative sources of supply could not be found in emergency. Practically the whole of the British imports of rubber, tin, manganese, and jute come from the Indian Ocean; while most of the Australian grain and the New Zealand meat come across that ocean.

The protection of British trade in the Indian Ocean, and of the sources of supply which lie around it, is absolutely vital to the Empire.

Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden stand sentinel against a threat to these vital interests by way of the Mediterranean. In the south-west Simonstown guards the approach. In the south-east there are the Australian and New Zealand bases. The north-east is the most probable and feasible approach for a threat. It is also in that quarter that there lies the greatest *potential* threat in the shape of strong foreign naval forces. It is against any threat from this quarter that Singapore must stand sentinel.

Singapore is now capable of accommodating a fleet of heavy ships, yet it has been officially stated that there is no immediate intention of sending capital ships to Singapore. What, one may ask, is the use of constructing a large naval base at enormous cost if it is not to be used? The answer is that the British Empire devoutly hopes that it will not be used—but it is there in case of need.

Upon that point hinges the major part of the defence strategy of the British Empire. Great Britain does not maintain a fleet of heavy ships in the Mediterranean on account of Italy. Heavy ships are the counter to heavy ships, not to small craft, and Italy is still weak in capital ships. The reason why battleships and battle cruisers of the Royal Navy are stationed in the Mediterranean is that they are 2,000 odd miles nearer to Singapore than they would be at home.

From Malta to Singapore is 5,000 miles. If need arose for the battleships of the Mediterranean Fleet to go east they would be of little use without a large base in those waters. Lack of an eastern base would impose upon the commander of the fleet problems likely to stultify his tactics. An admiral who is not in a position to risk losses or damage is not in a position to press an action to the point of victory.

The long voyage to Malta could not be lightly undertaken by a badly damaged ship. Cyclones and the monsoons would have to be taken into account; and there would be the possibility of a heavy ship holed and low in the water being unable to pass through the Suez

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO SINGAPORE: Another painting specially done for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson showing the *Trenton*, *Milwaukee*, and *Memphis*, the three American cruisers that have crossed

SINGAPORE: AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE EASTERN SEAS

An Outline of the Supreme Strategic Importance of the New Naval Base which is to be Opened on February 14 by the Governor of the Straits Settlements

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N. (Ret.)

Canal. Moreover, the time before a damaged ship could again be counted on the strength would be enormously increased.

The completion of the base at Singapore rules out these preoccupations of strategy and tactics. Singapore can deal with large repairs to two capital ships simultaneously and, without the arrival of more stores, keep a fleet supplied for some six months.

Singapore may also be regarded as the corner stone upon which Anglo-American co-operation in matters of defence may be built. It is at least significant that the opening of the Singapore base should be so narrowly preceded by the decision to augment the United States Navy, and that three units of the American Fleet are to be at Singapore for the opening of the base.

These are the U.S.S. *Trenton*, the U.S.S. *Memphis*, and the U.S.S. *Milwaukee*. These are fast, four-funnelled cruisers, mounting twelve 6-in. guns on a tonnage of slightly more than 7,000 tons. With a top speed of 35 knots and a radius of action of 10,000 miles at 15 knots, they are characteristic of the great power and long operating radius of the new American cruisers.

The Singapore naval base has been characterised as a sentinel. Its purely defensive nature is implicit in the term. A sentinel is a precaution, not an expeditionary force. Singapore could hardly form a base for aggression against Japan. From Singapore to Nagasaki is 3,500 miles, and the route is bordered by Japanese islands which would form ideal bases for submarines and aircraft. To operate direct against Japan from Singapore would be to carry recklessness to the point of insanity. But on the other side of the picture the same would apply to Japanese aggression southwards to Australia and New Zealand so long as the Singapore base lay upon the flank of such a movement.

The base was designed by the department of the Civil Engineer-in-Chief at the Admiralty, a contract for the major portion of the civil engineering work for forming the new dockyard being begun by Sir John Jackson and Co., Ltd., in 1928, and completed in 1936. This contract included the construction of the graving dock, and the formation of over 5,000 ft. of wharf walls, with depths of 30 ft. to 40 ft. alongside at low water, portions of them forming the sides of the tidal basin. The levelling and preparation of the whole site also came into the contract, together with the driving of the piled foundations for the many transit sheds, storehouses, and workshops.

IN THE VERY HEART OF THINGS: A sketch map showing the dominating position of Singapore and its distance from other important points in the Far East. The site was chosen for the new naval base because it lies on the flank of the trade route to Australia and covers the Indian Ocean as well as the Dominions and island possessions farther to the east. No enemy could launch an invasion involving long lines of communication against Australia or British North Borneo with an undefeated British fleet using Singapore as its main base

the Pacific to attend the opening of Britain's mighty new naval base. All three vessels are sister ships of immediate post-war vintage belonging to the Omaha class. Their normal displacement is 7,500 tons. The news of their presence in Singapore has aroused deep interest and much speculation among the general public in the United States where the visit is interpreted as significant of British and American willingness to co-operate if ever action should be forced on them in the Eastern Seas

TOY CAR REALISM: A little policeman regulating the traffic in the gymnasium of the Hutton London County Council Residential School where the children receive practical instruction in road lore from their fifth-year onwards

FIRST STEPS TO SAFETY-FIRST: Mrs. Hunt, caretaker of Kingsmead School, Bath, piloting children across the road after the day's work. She is a member of the special patrol instituted in the city, and has power to report motorists

WITH THE AID OF POSTERS this police sergeant gave the children an instructive safety-first lesson at the Junior Mixed School at Hayes, near Sevenoaks, Kent

MAKING YOUTH ROAD-CONSCIOUS

Schools That Are Doing Pioneer Work in Educating The Children in Safety-First Measures

CRIME *and the* CHILD

The Problem of How to Treat Abnormal and Sub-Normal Youth Once Again Comes to the Fore

OF late the subject of juvenile crime has been very much to the fore. By a curious coincidence the Fifth Report on the Work of the Children's Branch of the Home Office has made its appearance at the same time as attention has been drawn to the problem by the appearance of a boy of seventeen on the charge of murdering his father, of a boy of sixteen on that of murdering both his parents and, in a less ghastly fashion, by the conviction of a boy of twelve of snatching a hand-bag from a woman in a badly-lighted street, attempting to make good his escape on his roller-skates; the magistrate in this last case told the boy that "this is a case of serious highway robbery, and if you had done it in the old days you would have been hanged."

BOY, AGED 12, ON ROLLER SKATES SNATCHES BAG

A 12-YEAR-OLD BOY snatched a hand-bag from a woman in a badly-lit street and then rushed away on his roller skates.

The woman screamed, "Stop that boy," and a motor-bicyclist gave chase. The boy threw the bag at him.

When the boy came before the South London Juvenile Court to-day he said that the "pictures" had put the idea into his head.

Sir Vivian Henderson, the presiding magistrate, told the boy:

"This is a case of serious highway robbery, and if you had done it in the old days you would have been hanged."

The boy was put on probation.

A CHILD'S CRIMINAL INGENUITY was the subject of this case which recently came before the South London Juvenile Court

The two aspects of the problem could scarcely be contrasted more saliently than by the charges of parricide, on the one hand, and the Children's Branch Report on the other.

The emphasis of the latter is on the whole on the pliability and adaptability of youth, and the importance of weaning it from a career of crime before it is too late for it to adopt any other.

The Lord Chief Justice, in the admirable address which he gave at the Clarke Hall lecture for 1935 on the subject of "The Young Offender," quotes a sentence of Juvenal, "Maxima debetur puero reverentia," which he translates as, "You owe the highest respect to the young." And this eminent and experienced judge went on to argue that "There are indeed good reasons why the young offender should receive special treatment. It is clear . . . that the younger an offender is the more hope there may reasonably be for his reformation . . . More than that, it may perhaps be agreed that young offenders tend to suffer from far greater confusion of motive for their acts than is to be found in their elders."

No humane person can fail to pity those who have spent their early years in the sordid atmosphere of crime; and the Report quotes a remark of the Warden of the Philanthropic Society's (Senior) School, Redhill, in submitting an analysis of the home conditions of 150 consecutive admissions to the school, to the effect that "I have formed the opinion that 'the broken home' is the biggest single factor in juvenile delinquency." The individual cases certainly seem to justify the generalisation. To take only two examples—far from the worst: Illegitimate. Mother deserted, no interest, no home; Stepmother hates boy and starves him. Invalid father.

What chance, one is tempted to argue, have bad boys with other origins? The temptation is strong: it must be resisted. The philosophy of "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner" has been branded by Mr. Shaw as "the devil's sentimentality". It is important, as the Report argues, to bring home to parents their responsibilities. What is even more important is to bring home to the children the fact that they, and they alone, will in later life be held responsible, and in some way or other be punished for their offences. Other boys have been illegitimate and deserted, other boys have cruel stepmothers and weak fathers, without attracting the attention of the police.

There is no inevitable sequence of cause and effect. Indeed, it is one of the paradoxes of our generation that whereas theological predestinarianism is as dead as mutton, a species of social fatalism should be very much in vogue. It is carrying materialism to a length which Marx himself, to do him justice, never contemplated. The Children's Branch Report mentions, with proper disapproval, the case of a child of fourteen who related with some pride that nine doctors had told her she was abnormal; and another who stated that she and a doctor had discussed "actions and reactions," from which she had gathered that it was wrong to think that punishment might follow naughtiness. What could be more harmful?

Special treatment, yes. Pity, yes—if too much of it is not shown. To make the young delinquent feel that he or she is an interesting case, really a remarkable specimen, definitely no. Perhaps something of the spirit in which the "king" of the gipsies told Tom Jones that he ruled his subjects is needed: the severest punishment should be to make the delinquent conscious of shame. Advanced psychologists may argue that this is morbid; but where the morbidity lies in knowing that one has done wrong and resolving not to do it again is not very easy to see. The greater difficulty lies in making the offender aware that what he has done is something which according to normal standards is a subject of shame; for, as the Report shows in the case of two such schools, probably about 60 per cent. of the children who have to attend Home Office schools are sub-normal. To make the young offender conscious of shame, and at the same time aware that he has the capacity to live a happy and profitable life in normal society, in such conditions that he will wonder what can have possessed him when he committed criminal offences—that is the problem.

The report shows that juvenile crime, or at least convictions have increased during the last three years. Whether that is because of the lencena engendered by the administration of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, or whether it is because convictions are easier to obtain now that the curative element in treatment is predominant, or whether the causes are quite different from either of these, it is too soon to say. It is good to know that a thorough investigation of the causes of juvenile delinquency, based on the examination of individual cases, is to be undertaken under the distinguished direction of Professor Carr-Saunders. One subject of the investigation should certainly be to ascertain, given any particular set of unfortunate circumstances, how many of its victims turn to crime and how many do not. On the answer to that question must depend the answer to the further question, how far each individual should be treated as a "case" and how far as a naughty boy.

Graham B. Harper

ORN TO THE PURPLE

uis XVI and Louis XVIII as Children

This charming study of two children, which has never been exhibited or published, was painted by Drouais, portraitist at the Court at Versailles, and represents Louis XVI and Louis XVIII as children. The picture, which is described in detail below, has been lost sight of for a long time

HE picture reproduced above, a charming study of two children, was nted by François Drouais, portrait nter at Versailles in 1757. The artist eived the sum of 3,000 livres for the ecution of this work which was greatly mired by the King and his Court. Indeed, this carefully painted canvas earned m important commissions ; for thereafter painted most of the royal family and monarch himself.

The painting proves to be an unually interesting historical document these are the portraits of Louis XVI d Louis XVIII as children. This imtant work has never been exhibited d this is the first time that it has er been published. It was recently ought to light by M. Wildenstein, the ll-known Paris art expert. The original tle of this unique picture was "Monseigneur le Duc de Berry (agé de trois ans) tenant des fruits, et Monseigneur le Comte de Provence (agé de deux ans) jouant avec un chien."

Louis Auguste de France, born on August 23, 1754, at Versailles, was the son of Louis, Dauphin de France, and of Marie Josèphe de Saxe. Titled Duc de Berry since his birth, he became Dauphin on the death of his father on December 20, 1765, and then King of France, under the name of Louis XVI, on the death of Louis XV, his grandfather, on May 10, 1774. Husband of Marie Antoinette of Austria, he was suspended of his powers on August 10, 1792, and was guillotined in Paris on January 21, 1793.

Louis Stanislas Xavier de France, born on November 17, 1755, at Versailles, was the brother of Louis XVI. Titled since his birth Comte de Provence, he married Louise de Savoie, in 1771. On the death of Louis XVI he proclaimed himself Regent and, on the disappearance of Louis XVII (1795), King of France under the name of Louis XVIII. After the Revolution he came back to Paris on April 25, 1814, but was obliged to leave the kingdom on the return of Napoleon. He returned the following year, however, after the epic of Waterloo, and worked for the restoration of France spent by twenty-three years of war. He died in Paris on September 16, 1824.

THE FIRST FAVOURITE OF LOUIS XV: This portrait of Madame de Mailly, who held sway over the King's affections some years before the advent of the Pompadour, was painted by Nattier, and was recently sold at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris, together with many other objets d'art belonging to the Princess Aymon de Faucigny-Lucinge. The picture belongs to the series of "Dianes" or "Nymphes Chasseuresses," the artist painted between 1742 and 1745, when nearing sixty years of age

This picture representing the two monarchs of France brings to mind the "missing" Louis XVII, son of Louis XVI, who should have reigned in place of his uncle, Louis XVIII. It still remains an unsolved mystery as to what became of Louis XVII: whether he did die in the Temple or whether Charles-Guillaume Naundorff, alias Charles-Louis de Bourbon, Duc de Normandie, was none other than the Dauphin himself.

On account of its artistic value and historic interest Drouais' picture must be listed among the really outstanding works of art that have been discovered in recent years.

* * *

Madame de Mailly, who forms the subject of the interesting portrait reproduced on the left, was the first favourite of Louis XV. She was born in 1710 and was the daughter of the Marquis de Nesle. Her grandmother, Madame de Mazarin, introduced her to Louis XV at the Court of Versailles. This portrait was painted just about the period (1742) when Madame de Mailly left Versailles, her own sister, the future Duchesse de Châteauroux, taking her place as the mistress of the King. It is thought that, on her departure, the picture was presented to Louis XV as a token of affection.

A. W.

IMPRINTS *in the* ALPINE SNOW

How the Ski-er, the Eagle, and the Snow-hare Leave Their Mark on Swiss Heights

New studies by MEERKAMPER

WHEN THE SNOW WAS STILL SOFT someone passed this way, with each footstep compressing the soft snow into a hard mass. A wind must then have arisen and blown all the surrounding soft snow away, leaving behind these strange island formations, the origin of which at first sight seems obscure. Later on, when the whole surface had become hard, ski-ers came past, but their tracks did not go deep

On left—BITING DEEP INTO THE CRUST: Ski prints running parallel with the footprints of a snow-hare—another curious picture from the Alps

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE: The imprint of the great bird's wings and feet clearly marked on the soft snow as it was about to take off on its soaring flight

REMBRANDT AND HIS FATHER

Portraits on Exhibition and in the Saleroom

THE SON: This half-length self-portrait by Rembrandt has been lent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of seventeenth-century art in Europe by Captain A. Heywood-Lonsdale and is of particular interest when compared with the portrait reproduced on the right which was once believed to represent William Tell, but is now known to be of Rembrandt's father, the miller of Leyden. The likeness between the two men is recognisable at a glance

On right—

MAN OF ACTION: This portrait by Rembrandt of Admiral Cornelius van Tromp has been widely praised by visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition of seventeenth-century art in Europe and without doubt ranks high among his masterpieces. The canvas is dated 1667 and was thus painted in the artist's third phase when he was making full use of his discovery of the power of chiaroscuro, delighting in massive effects of dark shadow built up of rich sombre colours, and bringing into his schemes a peculiar deep glowing red. Van Tromp, one of the greatest of Dutch seamen, was at this time 38 years of age, but Rembrandt made him appear much older

THE FATHER: This portrait, which is to be offered for sale at Christie's on February 25, together with other works in the collection of the late Mr. W. B. Chamberlin, of Hove, Sussex, represents Rembrandt's father, the miller of Leyden. He is shown in a dark brown doublet, with polished steel gorget, and has a cap surmounted by a large ostrich feather. The nose is well defined, and the keen, ferrety eyes gaze straight out of the picture. In 1877, when the canvas was believed to be of William Tell, it was sold at Hove for £100 to Mr. Chamberlin's father, and it will be interesting to see how much it fetches when it comes up for auction this month with its title authenticated

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THE GOUMIERS of F

French-Officered Native Troops who Render

GUARDIANS OF THE TAFILET OASIS: Arab troops, known as Goumiers, pictured on parade. They are a fine body of men, disciplined to a degree, and intensely loyal to their French officers. Morocco now has 51 detachments, or Goums, of these troops, totalling about 7,500 men. They wear a highly individual type of uniform

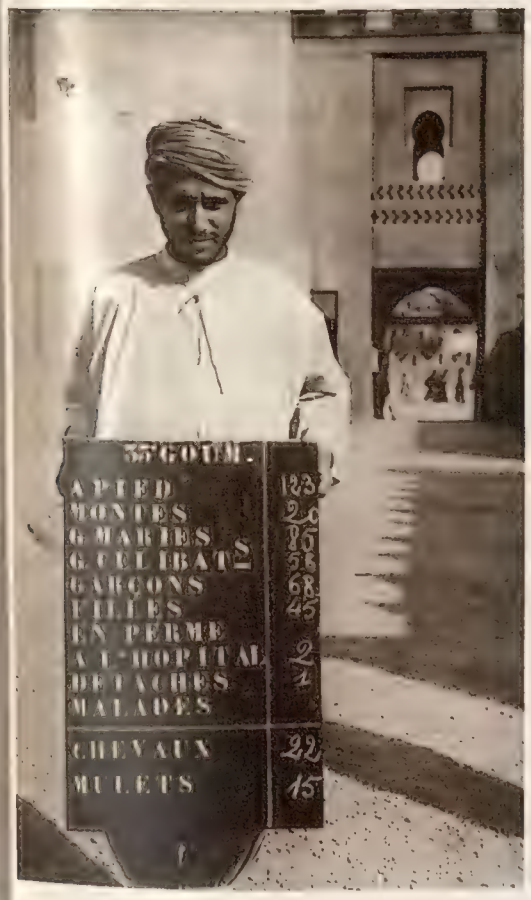
RETURN TO BARRACKS: A party of Goumiers arriving home after an expedition into the desert. The men have extraordinary powers of endurance on the march

THE GOUMIER AT HOME: Preparing tea for his guests outside his hut on the barrack square. Tea is the one luxury among these people and their staple diet is barley. Meat is very seldom eaten. They are extremely hospitable and the visitor passing through the country will always find a welcome in their midst. *On left*—A Goumier corporal and his family

FRENCH MOROCCO

...r Valuable Aid in the North African Colony

AS THE ALARM SOUNDS the wives of the Goumiers help their husbands to saddle-up so that they can start out without a moment's delay. The men live with their families in their own houses situated round the barrack square, and this, it is found, is an important factor contributing both to their contentment and efficiency



A WEEKLY RECORD is kept on a blackboard of the strength of each Goum or detachment, showing how many men are on the sick list, if any, and giving full details of the make-up of the force and of the men's families

WHEN OFF DUTY the French officers frequently visit the families of the men and take a keen interest in the welfare of the children. It is this spirit of camaraderie existing between them that does so much to ensure the loyalty of the force which can always be depended upon to render a good account of itself in any crisis

Art Through THE CAMERA LENS

TREASURE TROVE: An Hungarian woman, clad in one of those wonderfully elaborate peasant costumes, opening her linen box in order to air the contents. Here the all-seeing camera has brought out in rich detail the intricacies of the pleated skirt, the embroidered blouse, and other features of the dress

UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPHY: Dr. Tibor de Csorgeo, a well-known Hungarian photographer, took this picture in the St. Gellert Baths at Budapest. It is certainly a most striking pose made under difficulties

RHYTHM IN EVERY LINE: Dancers in graceful action in a scene from *La Mort du Cygne*, the first full length ballet film which is coming to the Curzon Cinema and which is said to give a very genuine picture of life behind the scenes in the world of ballet. The photography reaches a really high standard

My Lords— My Ladies—

My Goodness My Guinness!

G.E. 773

Enjoy Wills's Gold Flake

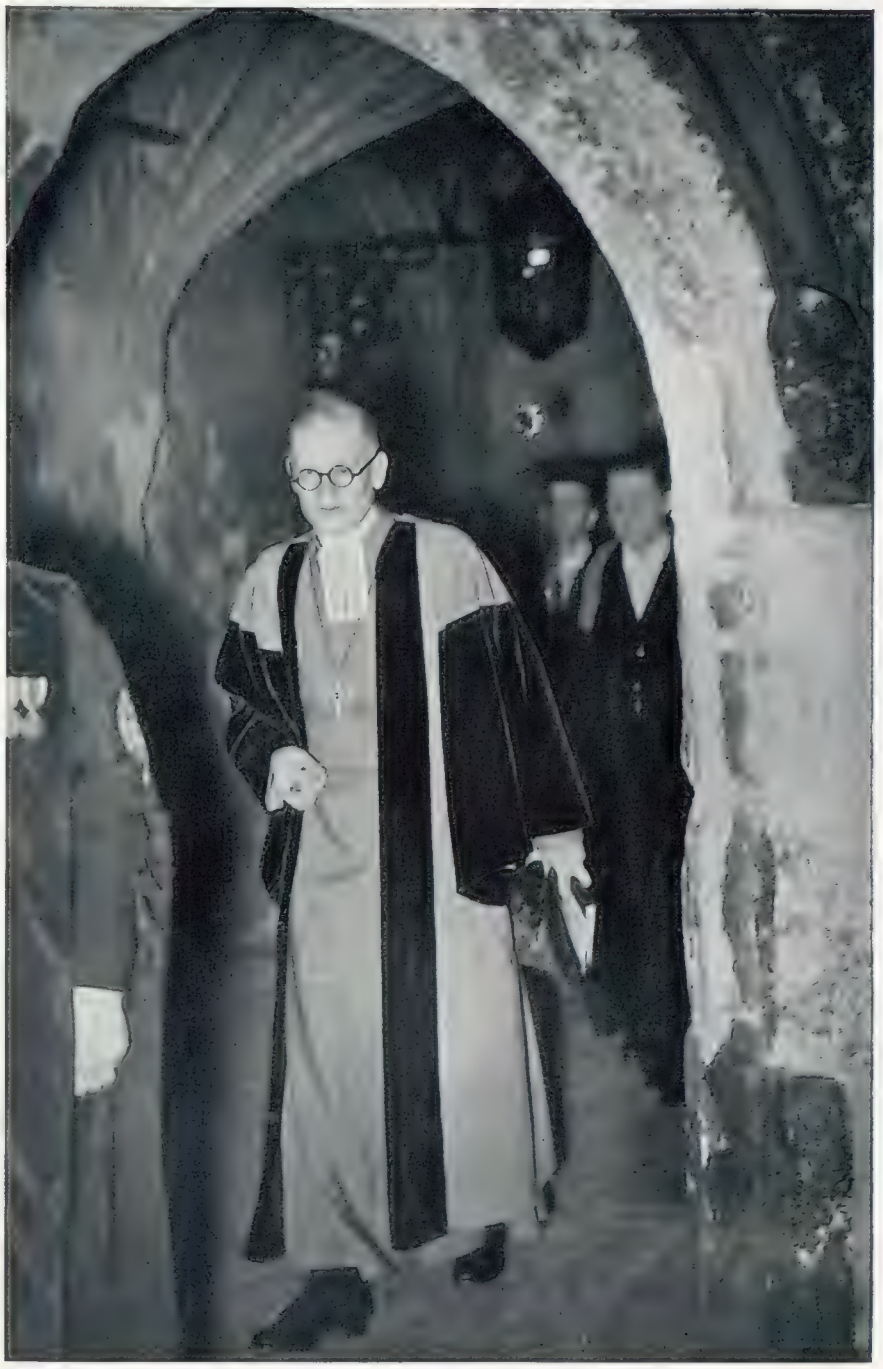
The Man's Cigarette that Women like

PERSONALIA

THE PADRE OF BEAR ISLAND: The Reverend W. T. H. Pearson waving goodbye when leaving for a trip to the mainland from this little island in Bantry Bay, County Cork, which is occupied by a garrison of British troops and is administered by the British army, being quite independent of Mr. de Valera's government of Eire. It is a lonely life in this military outpost, and the officers and men feel very much cut off from things

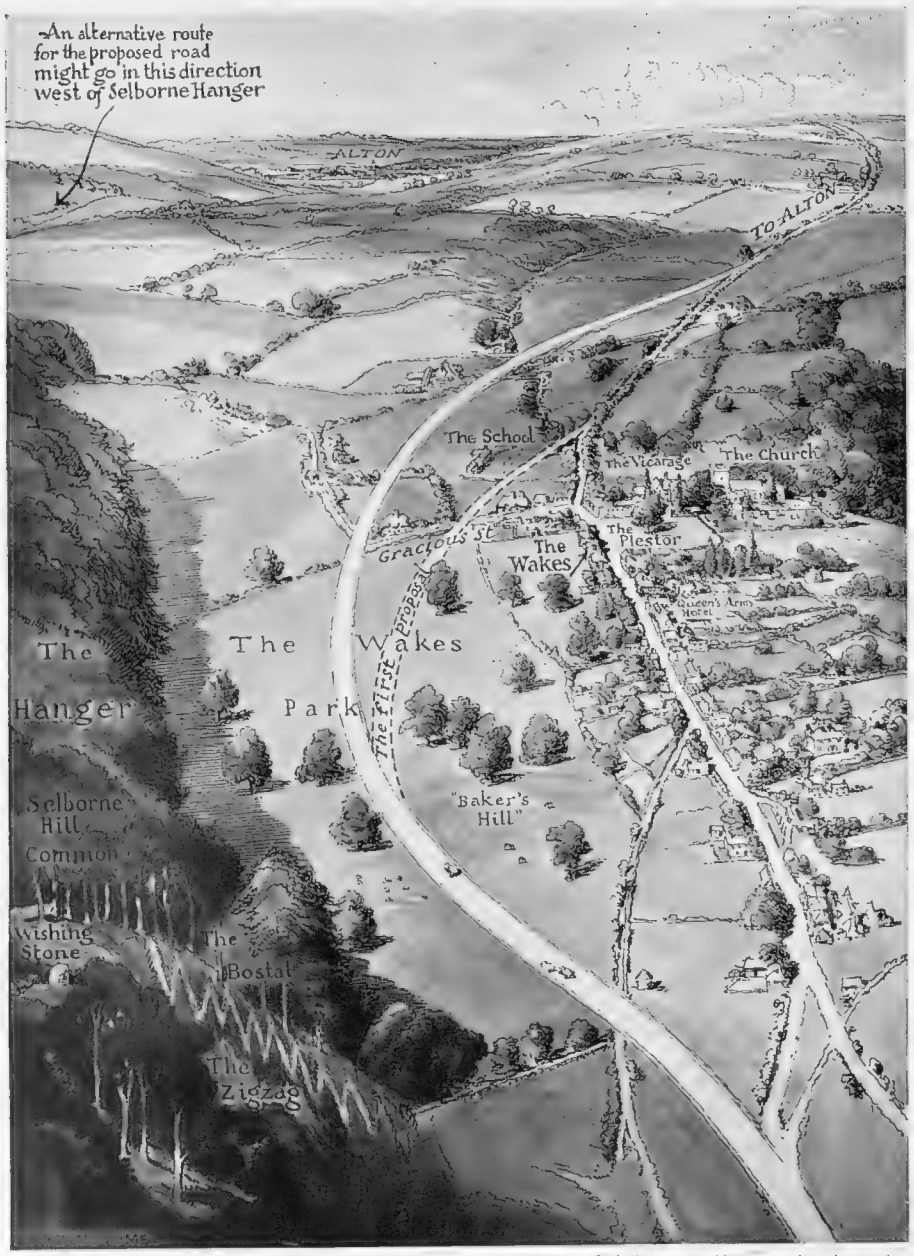
AIRMAN HONOURED: Flying Officer A. E. Clouston being presented by Sir Francis McClean with the Britannia Trophy for 1937 which has been awarded to him by the Royal Aero Club in recognition of his record-breaking flight with Mrs. Kirby Green from London to the Cape and back and his achievement in the Damascus air race organised by France

DIPLOMATIC SPLENDOUR: Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador in Washington, setting out for the White House to attend a Presidential reception



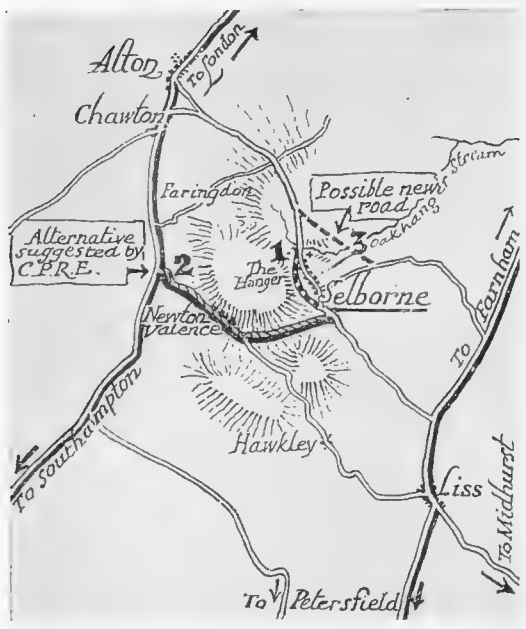
THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER INSTALLED: Dr. P. F. D. de Labilliere, lately Bishop of Knaresborough and Archdeacon of Leeds, walking in procession from the Chapel of St. Cross to the Choir of the Abbey before participating in the service confirming him in his high office. After the ceremonial, which involved the production of the letters patent from the King granting the Deanery and of the Mandamus enjoining the Chapter to receive him, Dr. Labilliere was conducted to his stall. He then gave the sermon

TWO NOTABLE APPOINTMENTS: *Left*—Mr. W. M. H. Greaves, Chief Assistant of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, who is to be Astronomer Royal for Scotland and Professor of Astronomy at Edinburgh University in succession to Mr. R. A. Sampson, F.R.S., who has retired. *Right*—Dr. J. J. Mallon, a Governor of the B.B.C. and the Warden of Toynbee Hall, has been made Chairman of the Governors of the People's Palace, Mile End Road



GILBERT WHITE'S VILLAGE MENACED: A sketch map of Selborne, Hants, showing the course that would be taken by the new motor road which the Alton Council plan to build in order to link the Alton-Southampton highway with the Farnham-Petersfield highway. If they carry out their project many feel that the old-time peace of this famous village will be gone for ever, and steps are being taken to urge the possibilities of alternative routes upon the authorities. One of these could go round the west side of The Hanger hill

A Threat To The Peace of Selborne



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map showing: (1) The Alton Town Planning Committee's much criticised proposal for the by-passing of Selborne and the linking of Alton with the main Farnham-Petersfield road. (2) The alternative suggestion to take the road through Newton Valence; a plan devised by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. (3) Another alternative. This would involve bridging over the Oakhanger stream

THE bird's eye view of Selborne, the home of Gilbert White, which is given here shows at a glance the nature of the menace to the peace of this famous Hampshire village. The pleasant seventeenth-century house where the naturalist lived was called The Wakes. It stands close to the village street but possesses a beautiful and expansive garden that looks upon a broad stretch of level park possessing an unusual feature in the presence of the steep beech-clad ridge of chalk known as The Hanger. White loved this belt of precipitous woodland and made frequent references to it in his *Natural History of Selborne*. Without any doubt the charm of the village is largely to be found in the association of the long pleasant old street, with the belt of parkland backed by the beautifully wooded hill.

The Alton Town Planning authority which has drawn up schemes for the future development of roads in the area under the control of the Rural District Council proposes to build a road 60 ft. wide in order to by-pass the street of Selborne. To do this they have decided that the best position for the new highway is through the Wakes Park. This will mean the widening and straightening of the lanes that approach it from north and south so that the heaviest traffic that passes through Alton, and has Petersfield or Midhurst as its objective, will roar and pulsate through the quiet park and sever The Hanger and half the park from White's garden and the village.

The proposal is so alarming that a Selborne Defence Committee has been formed.

There seems to be no valid reason why a new road linking up those to Southampton and Portsmouth should not be made to the west of The Hanger as suggested by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. A possible increase in cost can scarcely be urged against the destruction of such a shrine of all lovers of nature as White's Selborne.

Gordon Home

RADNOR HOUSE SAVED: This historic mansion on the banks of the Thames between Strawberry Hill and Pope's Villa, Twickenham, has been preserved from threatened demolition through the intervention of Queen Mary who visited the place last year and expressed the hope that something would be done. The house was built in 1740, but its present rather unprepossessing façade, which may be altered, was added in the 1850s. The outstanding features are within, the treasures including some beautiful woodwork and a ceiling probably painted by Sir James Thornhill

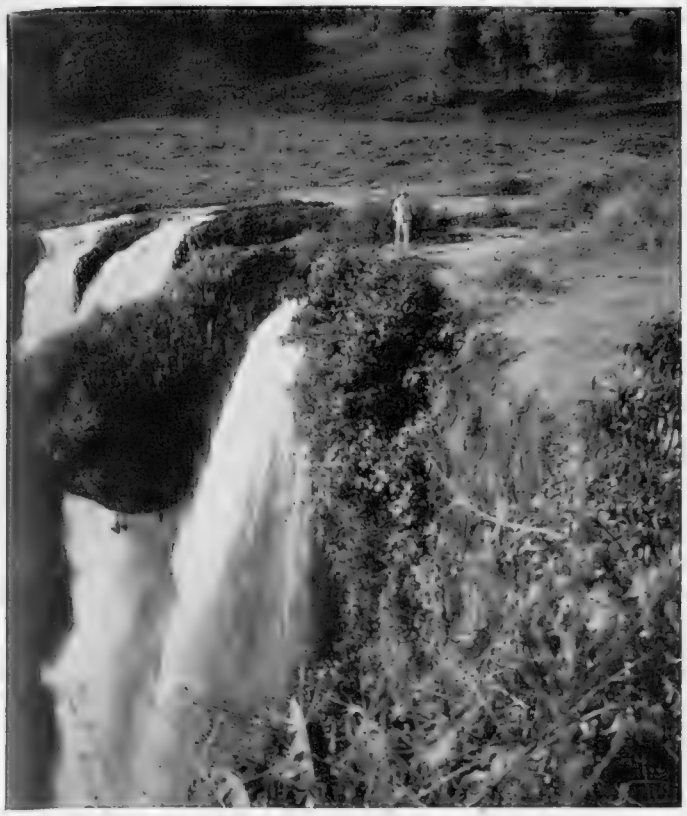
ONLY THIRTEEN MILES FROM LONDON: A delightful weatherboard cottage at Orpington, Kent, being re-thatched. Engaged on the work is Mr. A. Wells, one of England's few remaining full-time thatchers

A SUSSEX THATCHER AT WORK: A rural craftsman putting a new roof on a farm cottage near Rye. It is realised to-day that thatch has many virtues for a rural dwelling

On right—FOR THE NATION: The famous Dupath Well near Callington, Cornwall, which has been purchased by private subscription and is now in the hands of the Office of Works. The well, which is believed to be of Saxon origin and has never been known to run dry, is enclosed by a baptistery built of blocks of granite

AN AIRMAN DISCOVERS A VERY HIGH WATERFALL

A Chance Find in Venezuela : Aeroplanes Pay a Visit to the Aughrabies Falls, a Lesser-Known African Spectacle



A WONDER OF THE KENYAN HINTERLAND: A new picture of one of the mighty falls on the Tana River which have been known for some time and may possibly be employed in years to come for hydro-electric schemes. The seasonal variation in volume is very wide

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE WORLD'S MAP MAKERS: This waterfall, which is estimated to be a mile in height and the existence of which has hitherto been quite unknown, was discovered recently by an American airman, Mr. J. Angel, when making his way down a mountainside after he had crashed in the remote Caroni region, about 250 miles south-east of Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela. He reckoned that the water dropped sheer for 5,000 or 6,000 ft., and then cascaded on for a farther 1,000 ft. before becoming a stream again. Even if this estimate was very optimistic, the falls are undoubtedly by far the highest ever found. Niagara varies from 158 to 175 ft., the Aughrabies in South Africa is from 450 to 480 ft., the Victoria is from 236 to 354 ft., and the Gersoppa in India, 829 ft. In width, however, the new discovery is insignificant, but it demonstrates once again that South America is, par excellence, the continent of lofty waterfalls. So barely charted is Venezuela that others even greater may yet be found there

FLYING OVER THE ORANGE RIVER at a point just above the Aughrabies Falls, which, though discovered as far back as 1778, are rarely visited as they are right off the beaten track on the boundaries of South-West Africa and the Union

On left—THE CINDERELLA OF SOUTH AFRICAN SIGHTS: An aeroplane flying over Aughrabies falls on the Orange River during the first organised aerial trip to this spot where the waters plunge in spectacular fashion 480 ft. into a yawning granite canyon, the Wondergat, in which it is said that diamonds lie by the wagon load. This is possibly correct but so enormous is the volume of water, even in the dry season of the year, the treasure is never likely to be disturbed

THE COLONEL HOLDS FORTH TO THE THREE SISTERS: Alexander Vershinin (John Gielgud), the melancholy theorising soldier who expects nothing from life but whose mind "won't lie down" discoursing to Irina (Peggy Ashcroft), the telegraphist who yearns to live in Moscow, Marya (Carol Goodner), who is married to the commonplace Kuligin but is in love with Vershinin, and the domestically-minded Olga (Gwen Frangçon-Davies). A scene from Tchehov's masterpiece *The Three Sisters* which Mr. Gielgud has just revived with such marked success at the Queen's Theatre. Philip Page reviews it below in glowing terms

DRAMA:

THE John Gielgud regime at the Queen's Theatre has reached its highest point as yet with the exquisite production of *Three Sisters*, which compensated for the considerable disappointment of *The School For Scandal*—a patchy, would-be-bizarre, unsatisfactory business.

Tchehov is such a realist that it is not possible to be clever-clever with him, nor can a producer turn the great Russian dramatist into a sort of Russian Ballet. His people may be odd in both their notions and their behaviour; they are depressed and depressing and much too self-analytical. But when they move about their room in a provincial Russian town and have dinner in it, and play the piano in it, and make love in it they are essentially human and not the figures of a masque.

Why Tchehov has such a hold on the British theatre-going public to-day, a hold which grows stronger, is as difficult of explanation as the motives of the folk he has created. It is unquestionably there, and there are no half-measures about it, just as one either thinks this play a consummate masterpiece or absolute twaddle—"hooey," I think, was the elegant term employed by one of its severest critics.

Enthusiasm overweighs the other thing and there is no doubt as to its sincerity; people do not spend time and money on being bored merely in order to be mistaken for intelligentsia, though this is a favorite theme of the ignorantsia. There is not the tenth part of an ounce of "hooey" in this play. But the theory that scores of *poseurs* flock nightly to see plays which bore them is sheer "hooey," and of a pretty well worn variety.

That most of Tchehov's characters in *Three Sisters* had entangled themselves in a web of misery largely because not one of them would, as Mrs. Dombey was urged to do, "make an effort" does not, curiously enough, make them the less interesting. Whether or no what one may call Tchehovism was one of the things which eventually caused the Russian Revolution, it is certain that these fecklessly voluble creatures were asking for a kick in the pants of some sort, and that such a society had to give place to something, not because it was evil but because it did not have the backbone to be either evil or good. But in the hands of a master dramatist it could show a sort of misty beauty sufficiently definite to be fascinating.

This type of drama is difficult to act. Showy individual performances upset the balance; there must be a general level of excellence, a cast without a weak spot. Each of the three sisters is good, Miss Gwen Frangçon Davies, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, and Miss Carol Goodner who gives an outstanding performance (but not in any sense a showy one) because she cannot help being an actress of outstanding merit. Mr. John Gielgud has to be in sombre mood as the colonel; Mr. Frederick Lloyd emphasises the pathos of drunken ineffectiveness rather than its alleged humour; Mr. Leon Quartermaine is the fussy and no less ineffective schoolmaster to the life.

DEVOTION: Carol Goodner as Marya and John Gielgud as her lover, Colonel Vershinin, in *The Three Sisters*. *On left*—Frederick Lloyd (standing) as the kindly hearted but not always temperate, Dr. Tchebutykin, Michael Redgrave as Baron Tusenbach, Peggy Ashcroft as the telegraphist Irina, John Gielgud (standing), and Leon Quartermaine as Kuligin

A New Move in Revue.—Last week in writing of *Nine Sharp* at the Little Theatre, I ventured to protest at the presence, despite its many good qualities, of a burlesque of a Hollywood funeral, which I thought no funnier than a real funeral, and no funeral is ever really funny.

There were other condemnations of this lack of taste, and the result is quite a new move in the revue world. Those who liked this episode and would like to see it again, as well as those who find burlesque funerals irresistibly mirth-provoking anyway, can take heart, for it has not been completely deleted. It will be played every Monday night. On the remaining nights of the week *Nine Sharp* will be without it—not a drum will be heard, not a funeral note.

But every night, fortunately, Miss Hermione Baddeley will be quaintly amusing, and Miss Kathryn Hamill, whom I remember previously only as doing first-rate work in straight comedy, will show that she can sing well and dance well in addition to displaying quite extraordinary beauty. *Nine Sharp* is an impudently amusing little show, and its manner of dealing with a rather questionable episode is characteristically original.

"Gaily We Set Out."—With a play which has a title of good omen, Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas has embarked on a new enterprise of considerable importance, for if successful it will bring back two at least of the larger suburban theatres to their former status. In *Gaily We Set Out*, by Mrs. Sheila Donisthorpe, produced at the King's, Hammersmith, he has chosen a play which is, on the whole, a worthy one. Like the careers of the people it concerns it starts much more successfully than it ends.

It is not only because the two post-war couples, beginning their married life well enough, make a mess of things before the play is over that the play itself gets into a bit of a mess somewhere about ten o'clock. The closing scenes are handled with a touch that is much less sure.

Fortunately the balance is on the right side and the greater part of this story of a man who made a lot of money but lost his wife, and of another man, an inventor, who made no money at all but none the less lost a promising young son (which seems hardly fair) is full of interest and has a most likeable quality. Miss Olga Lindo is at her emotional best and Mr. Wilson Barrett, in spite of a rather dull job, showed himself worthy of a famous stage name.

"The Great Garrick" (Film).—Although during the past few weeks we have been concerned rather with the great Irving,

On right—ERIC VON STROHEIM, the well-known Austrian producer and director, in *Alibi*—a new film he has just completed in France. Von Stroheim, who appeared in his first picture in America during the war, has now been actively engaged in film-making for twenty-one years

"The Three Sisters" Splendidly Revived in the John Gielgud Season: The Hollywood Funeral Burlesque seen only in the Little's Monday Programme

By PHILIP PAGE

The Great Garrick would be an acceptable film if only because of the tribute paid thereby by the cinema world to a mighty figure of theatrical history. The story concerns an adventure David Garrick is supposed to have undergone in France. Since he had many connections with France—I have a book entitled *David Garrick and his French Friends*—it is not wholly improbable, though it does not profess to be any more than a legend. Garrick is shown cleverly turning the tables on some actors of the Comédie Française who had played a trick on him, and the process is both amusing and exciting.

That Mr. Brian Ahearne does not in the least look like Garrick is not his fault, and, I suppose, does not matter very much since the proportion of those who see the film, now at the Plaza, are not likely to worry. That he acts the part extremely well is a really important asset.

"Nuts in May."—I was gathering *Nuts in May* had some foreign source when those assiduous Hungarians, Mr. Steve Geray and Miss Magda Kun, began appearing on the stage of the little Ambassadors' Theatre. Otherwise the play, which is pleasant enough but on the thin side, might well have been a home product, for Mr. Guy Bolton and his colleagues have done the work of adaptation with great skill. It is doubtful whether it will prove worth their labour; while they were about it they might have devised an original play all on their own account, and probably, a better one. However, Miss Kun as an Hungarian baroness shows plenty of vivacity in faking lunacy and breaking up the happy home—breaking it up literally, for she smashes the crockery.

Crockery smashing is funny in the Lyceum pantomime, but I could not honestly say it went with a swing in this very, very light comedy. The baroness behaved in this odd way because she had found her husband (Mr. Geray) flirting with a pretty secretary, and in order to punish him she pretends not to recognise him (which, I imagine, is just what the average unfaithful husband would regard as the reverse of a punishment). Mr. Peter Haddon, usually doomed to play brainless asses, here has the part of a brain specialist, with whom the baroness falls in love. Or pretends to. Really I do not pretend to know. But I do know that Mr. Haddon, always a good actor, makes much of rather meagre material.

Miss Kate Cullen, whom it was good to welcome back, was given material even more meagre but struggled charmingly if hopelessly with an impossible job. There is an air of high-spirited intrigue about the play which has its points and the joke is quite a healthy and harmless one.

But I would hesitate to prophesy that the nuts—there was much first-night socialite activity—will still be going to the Ambassadors in May.

ACTRESS-PLAYWRIGHT: Beatrix Thomson, who has so often delighted London with her fine acting, is also a talented writer, and four varied new plays of hers are being presented in succession in a short season which began at the Richmond Theatre on February 7

LOVELY TO LOOK AT is Martha Lubarr, a new blonde star of French films, who appears with Harry Baur in *Mollenard* which is now being shown in a Paris cinema. Ultimately, no doubt, she will be lured to Hollywood like such a host of other French players including the popular Annabella

East End Opera.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company are having a remarkably successful season at the People's Palace, which is away down in the Mile End Road, I went along one night last week to hear those melodious twins, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, more familiarly *Cav.* and *Pag.* And the greatest of these is *Pag.* by a very long chalk; but that is by the way. So also is the fact that this was my first visit to this really lovely theatre, which has a noble simplicity about it, a huge and comfortable auditorium, good acoustic properties, and no licence for alcoholic refreshment. Intellectual refreshment, however, abounds, and there is in addition the important fact that a stall can be bought for not much more than the cost of a gallery seat at Covent Garden. I was mightily cheered to see the "House Full" boards outside and vast enthusiasm inside.

The performance was popular rather than palatial; a trifle more lavishness in the matter of the orchestra would have been welcome; there was a noticeable insufficiency of strings. But the playing was really first-rate, though I would not call Mr. Michael Mudie, who, I learned, is only twenty-one, a sympathetic conductor. Discretion will probably come with age, and with it the disappearance of a tendency to hurry portions which should certainly not be hurried. The chorus is alert, well-disciplined, and sings in time. The tenor in the first of these musical "thrillers" was Mr. John Torney, whose tone is of excellent quality.

On right—FEBRUARY 14 IS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY so lovely Deanna Durbin—one of Hollywood's brightest and best-posed for this delightfully apposite picture. Her last big film was *100 Men and a Girl*, which has been running for over two months at the Leicester Square Theatre, and her next is *Mad About Music* with popular Herbert Marshall as the co-star

A MASTERPIECE OF SATIRE: Volpone, who is feigning the approach of death, is presented with a rare pearl by Corvino, who hopes to inherit the sick man's fortune. A scene from Ben Jonson's *Volpone* which has been revived at the Westminster

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE

Panels of ocelot on tweed

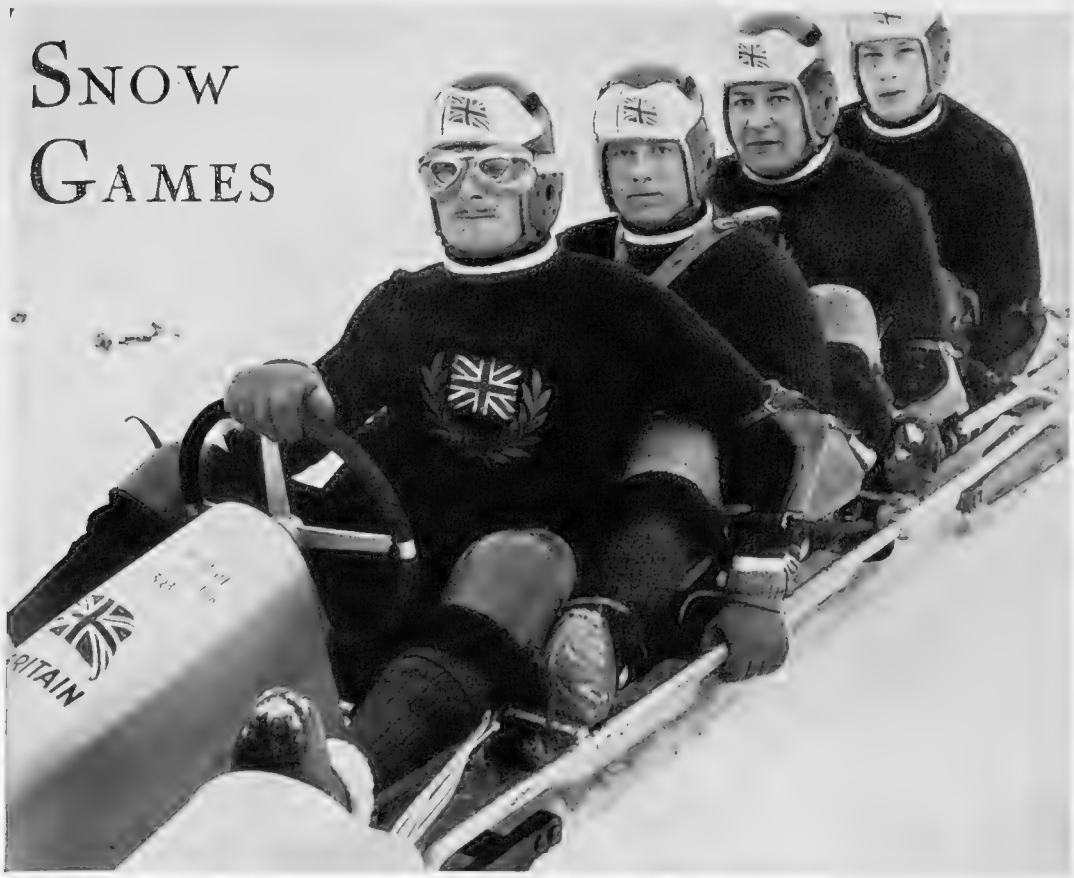
Be ready for the first fine days with this dashing coat of sage coloured hopsack trimmed with panels and pockets of ocelot. It has a trim military collar, it buttons down the front, and it can be bought in nigger brown, mustard, or black as well as green. The price is 12½ guineas, and it comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Saw-edged pockets on a leaf-green suit

For real dependability and lasting usefulness there is nothing like a three-piece ensemble. The one above comes from Warings, of 164-182, Oxford Street, W., and is made in smooth leaf-green cloth, the jacket zipped down the front and trimmed with pockets that have jagged flaps, the slender skirt with a pleat at the side, and the topcoat waisted, with a square yoke and a slenderising panel at the back. It costs 8½ guineas complete, and can be made in other colours.

Here is a comforting suit—the sort that becomes a true friend. It is a tango-coloured Continental jersey suit with a skirt that has a panelled front and a jacket that is trimmed with three pockets and buttons in dull gilt. At the waist there is a rolled leather belt, and the scarf, banded in a deeper tone, can be worn outside or tucked in at the neck. It costs 5 guineas, is made also in green, sea-blue, tan, navy, and deep powder blue, and comes from Warings, 164-182, Oxford Street, W.

SNOW GAMES



BRITAIN TRIUMPHS AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN: F. J. McEvoy (steerer), C. P. Green, D. Looker, and C. E. W. Mackintosh, about to start out on one of their runs when winning for Britain for the second year in succession the world's Four-man Bobsleigh Championship. On four runs they returned an aggregate time of 5 mins. 40·61 secs. as compared with the 5 mins. 44·06 secs. of the German crew who were runners up

FASHION ON THE SKI-ING SLOPES: A holidaymaker at Arosa clad in a Father Christmas-like outfit trimmed with fur and adorned with floral embroidery. *On left*—Costumes of Tyrolean inspiration worn by a trio at Villars. Here again embroidery work is much in evidence

BLIZZARD AT ST. MORITZ: Spectators were almost blinded by the snow when they attended a race meeting on the ice a few days ago. *On left*—W. M. L. Fiske in his crash helmet and knee and elbow guards, chatting with Gerda Paumgarten, the world lady ski champion in 1936, after he had won the Beatrice Cartwright Cup on the Cresta run. Subsequently he put up an almost equally good performance in the Coppa d'Italia, coming in a very good third to F. McCarthy (handicap 7·8 secs.) after starting from the scratch mark

BIBLIOPHILES WED: Christina Foyle, of the famous London bookselling firm, cutting the cake, with her husband, Mr. Ronald Batty, at the Trocadero reception following their marriage at St. Anne's, Soho. Mr. Batty is a director of Foyle's

HAS HISTORY MISJUDGED PHILIPPE EGALITÉ?

Opinions will Differ after Reading the Biography by Ewarts S. Scudder who makes a Bold Defence of the Weak Bourbon Democrat

By VERNON FANE

FASHIONS in biographies change as surely as fashions in waistlines. For the past ten years, and under the easily-recognised influence of Lytton Strachey, the tendency has been to debunk the popular heroes of history. Great men were not human unless they could be shown to have at least one rather discreditable weakness, and it was soon taken for granted that no idol existed without a handsome pair of clay feet

Now things have gone the obvious step further and the focus of interest has switched from the belittling of great men to the whitewashing of great blackguards. It is just as good a game to play, given the talent for research and the necessary force of bias; only the rules are a little different.

For 140 years Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orléans, and father of the last king of the French, has been regarded as a fairly thorough-going bad lot. The least of his crimes seemed to be that he was an enemy to his own class, while retaining the vast fortune which was the direct consequence of his great social position. When, as a member of the Convention, he voted for the death of his cousin, Louis XVI, even his fellow revolutionaries were stupefied with horror.

The Palais Royal, built with his money, had become a rallying point for the boldest spirits of the Revolution, but at each crisis Philippe himself would be absent, and his allies and friends would have to defend a man who perpetually left them in the lurch. He humiliated his young wife and, towards the end of his life, made his contempt for her public. He was a failure in every civil and naval appointment which he held, and showed at all times a character of the most pusillanimous weakness.

Nevertheless he has found a champion in Mr. Ewarts S. Scudder who, in **PRINCE OF THE BLOOD** (Collins. 15s.), has reversed the de-bunking process with enough wit to show us a man in whom weakness was in fact the only vice, and whose outstanding crime had been to try to assure the security of his children's future. The fatal vote, which posterity has held as the blackest mark on his record, was only apparently a desperate bid to flatter the popular party. The judgment which would have shown him that safety lay only in not voting at all was never one of his attributes.

I should say that Mr. Scudder had made out the best possible case for his royal protagonist, and in the course of it given us a very readable book, but I remain unconvinced that Philippe Egalité was a victim of injustice when he walked to the guillotine that dim November morning.

method of all. If you have ever tried to tell a clear-eyed child of seven your own version of the Three Bears you will know what I mean.

Miss Pamela Frankau would have us believe that a well-known financier with a beard, well known, that is, for his evasiveness and elusiveness, disappears. It is generally supposed that he went off to get married, but just where and to whom are what the editor of the *Daily Voice* wants to know.

In fact, all the newspapers want to know, but they are unable to find out, and what newspapers are unable to find out, they are apt not to refer to, for the Press, like the average mortal, has a horror of admitting defeat.

Paul Smith was a feature writer on the *Daily Voice*, fed up and a little more disillusioned than usual at having had to conduct Leonard Strap's daily column of slush and uplift while Leonard was off on a cruise. So Paul rated a holiday himself, but the *Daily Voice* also rated a director who wanted to rush in where editors had grown weary of treading.

He used his directorial persuasion upon Paul and sent him off with scant information and a packet of money for expenses to the Hebrides to look for the missing Midas.

Very naturally, since Miss Frankau is writing a picaresque novel, her hero finds, not the elusive financier, but an assortment of the queerest people on an island not unlike Skye. One millionaire with a mystery is as good as another and the one up there was fiddling with a secret invention which had something to do with miniature cameras. Then there was Eccles who simply must paint Paul's head before the threatened blindness finally overtakes him.

Add to that a couple of Michael Arlen-ish youngsters, but epigrammatically up to date, and Una, a devastatingly laconic, tall, and neatly coiffured young woman who appeared to have no other object in life but to hang around for telegrams and trunk calls, and we have the mixture.

Una's lover had that kind of complaint that could only be cured by Viennese specialists: he also had a wife whose endeavour it was to be omnipresent. As he promptly fell in love with Una it was reasonable that Paul should so far neglect the story of the married and missing Midas as to hare across Europe from St. Anton to Vienna, from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to Budapest, and from Budapest to a gathering of Old Girls in Sussex, only to see his heroine bowled for a blob.

Here it is all very jolly, with Glyndebourne supplying the incidental music, when both the millionaires and both their mysteries are cleared up in a twinkling of Miss Frankau's lively pen. It is a good story, but as far as the *Daily Voice* is concerned what has interested, amused, and at times delighted you and me is **NO NEWS** (which is the title of this novel, Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), though we hope the ultimate scoop leads him on to fame and a big contract with the *Daily Shriek*.

All of which sounds very light and amusing but not by any means easy to accomplish with the pace, action, humour and credibility this gifted young writer gives it.

THAT MAN MARKHAM (Longman. 7s. 6d.) is a puzzling book. It is well outside the run of banal novels or equally banal murder stories, and yet, on thinking it over after I had read it, I felt very definitely that there is something important, something that should have been fundamental to it, completely missing. That is a quality that I can only describe as tension.

In the last chapter or two of the book Markham, a good-looking, intelligent and entirely amoral man of middle age murders a woman who has had a baby by him and looks like being a little troublesome. Not seriously troublesome, but quite enough to disturb the pleasant, and financially sound pattern that he has made of his life through the undiscovered murder of another, this time a man.

The crimes, there are three of different degrees of violence and horror in the course of the story, are all well presented, well that is, in the sense that they are credible and shocking, but in each case the approach to them is dull and lacking in drama. Even in the most quietly planned crime there must be a gradual crescendo of horror and purpose in the mind of the man who is plotting, and it is that mounting tide of impulse that the reader must be made to feel, if the character is not to appear merely a bloodthirsty robot.

I suppose Jules Romains conveys this sense of doom and terror better than any contemporary writer, but it does not seem to me that Mr. John Randolph Richards has done more than sketch the barest outlines of such a mood. Markham is there, and he commits his crimes, and he has neither courage nor remorse. So far as it goes his character is in high relief and has nothing to associate it with the conventional murderer of fiction, but I maintain that it does not go far enough.

This is not intended as a plea for more complete ghoulishness but, more technically, as an examination of continuity in a story, murder or otherwise. When murders are the high spot of a novel, and all that precedes them seems insipid and unimportant then I cannot feel that the book has any justification as a whole.

This, of course, is just one man's opinion—you could always read it for yourself and reserve judgment till then.

A BOURBON FINDS A CHAMPION: *Left*—Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and father of the last king of the French, who forms the subject of a new biography by Ewarts S. Scudder entitled *Prince of the Blood*. The author indicates that the Prince, who has been condemned as a traitor to his class, was not really as black as he was painted, and, on the whole, puts in a well-reasoned defence. *Right*—The Duchess of Orleans

I once had the good fortune to meet Mr. Walter Duranty and was amazed, quite unreasonably, to find that he talked with an impeccably English accent. I don't know exactly what I had expected, but it must have been something more exotic than that, something less precisely familiar from the author of *I Write As I Please*.

This week I have had another surprise with his book of short stories, **THE GOLD TRAIN** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.). The scene is for the most part the New Russia that was born in 1917, and the stories are brief and in the main, well pointed. The surprising thing is that they have some of the simplicity and directness of the more classic tellers of fairy stories.

When writing stories for children the greatest geniuses have all had one thing in common; they have made the freest use of fancy, but they have treated it without complication. For most children fancy is a part of their everyday lives, so that it needs no explanations or excuses. If the White Rabbit was hurrying along a corridor drawing on his gloves—well and good. We may never have seen such a thing for ourselves, but no child (no child, anyway, that you and I would like) ever questioned Lewis Carroll's invention.

In the same way Mr. Duranty gets on with his stories, many of them as fantastic as anything Grimm conceived, and all of them told at a pace which leaves no time for imaginative side-trackings. At that point the analogy ceases to hold good, for these are stories for the sophisticate, and for a hard-boiled sophisticate at that. All I have wanted to convey is that Mr. Duranty is a born story-teller, and chooses for his telling the oldest and best and most severely tried

PAMELA LADY FITZGERALD who is alleged to have been a natural daughter of Philippe Egalité, subject of Ewarts Scudder's biography which is reviewed on this page

Mr. Paul Redmayne's book on **THE GOLD COAST: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY** (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) is chiefly remarkable for the excellence of the photographs which form more than half its matter, and in saying this I intend no disparagement of the letterpress itself which is lively and informative.

Since the photographs are also by Mr. Redmayne, the distinction is naturally not an invidious one. The history of the Gold Coast, which begins for Englishmen in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is a violent and cruel one, and it is only in comparatively recent years that it has become both a peaceful and progressive country.

The old settlers however, both English and Dutch, have left many marks of their more warlike days, chief of which are the great forts along the sea-line, heavily fortified and once the scene of desperate battles.

Nowadays too, the trade in gold and slaves and ivory has given place to the more domestic traffic in cocoa beans, a commerce however which is just as important to the welfare of the country and, as Mr. Redmayne shows us in words and pictures, a great deal better run than the trades of yore!

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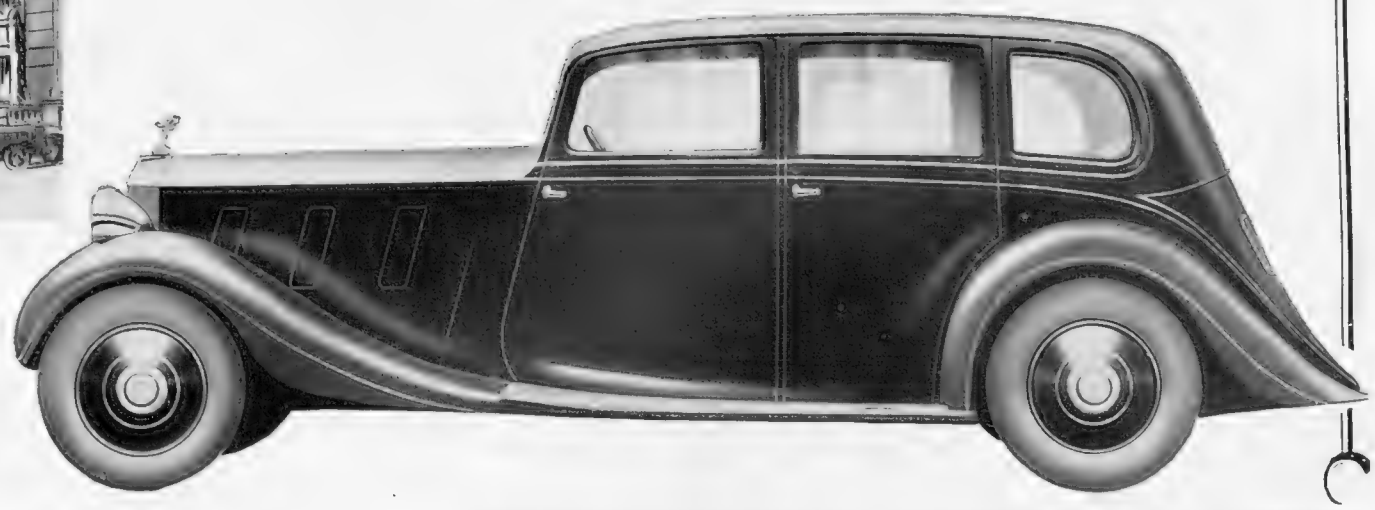

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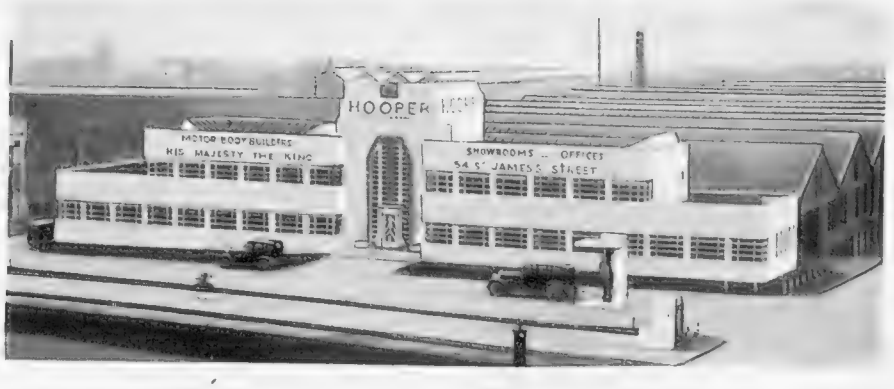

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HOW NEW YORK DEALS WITH ITS TRAFFIC: A view of the ramp on 11th Avenue near the waterfront, constructed in a series of one-way tracks which facilitate an easy flow of vehicles and make a head-on collision practically impossible

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

An Account of This Year's Event: The Rally is Attracting More and More English Competition

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ALTHOUGH the annual Monte Carlo Rally was concluded a little time ago, I rather fear that a very large number of British motorists do not fully appreciate what participation in this event really means. It received quite an encouraging amount of publicity in the national journals and so was brought to the notice of practically the whole population of this country. Strange as it may appear, quite a number of people are of the opinion that all motoring events are races. This Rally and those organised by the R.A.C. and other bodies are in no sense of the word races, in fact, if any of the competitors attempts to go too quickly and thereby arrives at one or more of the controls before a stated time, he or she is penalised by the loss of marks. Of course, on the other hand a late arrival also entails penalties.

The competitors in this Rally under review started from various places which were laid down in the regulations. Competitors chose which of the stated places they would start from and as it was possible to obtain a credit of a greater number of marks from one or perhaps more starting points, according to the distance from Monte Carlo and the anticipated difficulties that were likely to be met with en route, some of the starting points were more popular than others.

The only starting place used in Great Britain was John o'Groats. As might be expected, the majority of British competitors started from this point and also a few foreigners. Other British competitors chose one or other of the Continental starting places, and the one that gives the competitor most marks, namely, Athens was as usual popular. This year the Athens contingent have been fairly fortunate for the roads from this place to Monte Carlo were clear, whereas on previous occasions no competitors at all got through. In past years competitors had to get to Monte Carlo on time and then an eliminating test was set them with the object of finding the winner and placing the competitors into an order of merit.

As a very large percentage usually come through without any loss of marks at all a competitor's success depends entirely on his performance in the eliminating test. The organisers this year, believing that this arrangement ought to be improved upon, selected a certain stretch of road of a difficult nature towards the end of the journey on which they placed a speed test. Unfortunately, the weather upset their plan, for the stretch of road was so dangerous on account of weather conditions that they had to abandon this idea, with the result that once again the order of merit amongst the large number of competitors who arrived at the finishing point without loss of marks had to be determined by their time in the eliminating test.

The latter is nothing more or less than a gymkhana event in which the competitors have to drive their cars at speed, come to a standstill, reverse, immediately carry out the same procedure in the opposite direction, and then finally come down the promenade at speed for a distance of approximately 250 yards.

I am in agreement with the organisers in thinking that it is somewhat absurd to decide who is to receive the very valuable prizes by depending almost solely on their performances in this rather childish test. Such a method of finding the winner is perfectly all right when the competition is just a jolly afternoon's sport in a local field where only club members are involved. A big International event, such as the Monte Carlo Rally, on which the eyes of the whole international motoring community are focused deserves some better method than the one referred to. I am greatly afraid that the popularity and the importance of this Rally will suffer very considerably unless something is done to remedy this state of affairs.

Talking of Rallies reminds me of the fact that motor trials in this country, like motor racing, are becoming more and more popular from the competitor's side. There is scarcely a week-end throughout the year which has not three or four trials concentrated probably in three or four special districts. Motor cars are to-day so efficient that organisers find that their Clubs have to stand the financial strain of handing out buckets full of gold medals unless some exceedingly difficult freakish lanes and hills are included in the route.

In this country there are only about three or four districts in which such freakish conditions can be found and which are within reach of the members of the various Clubs. The position which has now arisen is, firstly, that the R.A.C. find it no easy task to avoid the Clubs clashing with events which are to be run on one or other of these selected districts during each week-end and, secondly, the residents in and around the favoured hills and lanes are protesting in no uncertain voice that life is becoming unbearable.

A hint has been given from high places that there is every probability before many years have passed that the Government will be forced to bring in a Bill which will make all trials on the public roads illegal. The Clubs, therefore, must immediately put their house in order, otherwise the threatened action will take place at no distant date.

It is just as well to look at the situation in a perfectly fair manner. Any of us who might have a house or residence nestling on the wooded slopes of some remote hill far away from a town or main highway would naturally be a bit peeved to find that the entrance to our drive could not be negotiated because some drivers of an invading motor army had thoughtlessly parked their cars in the gateway. Or, the stillness of a quiet night was suddenly disturbed by the noise of a hundred cars struggling up an almost impossible gradient close to our bedroom window would not be likely to make us feel happy and contented.

Realising that motor trials are undoubtedly sporting events, we might feel inclined to put up with the nuisance once a month, but when the din and the inconvenience occur every week-end just at the times when we feel that we are entitled to a little quiet rest, we would be apt to become distinctly upset. The question, therefore, arises what are the Clubs and the R.A.C. going to do?

First of all, I would say that no particular hill or stretch of lane, the surface of which makes it admirable for trial purposes, should be used more than twelve times a year that all activity at such places on the part of the organisers and competitors should cease by 10 p.m. and not start before 8 a.m. In order to effect this reform the Clubs throughout the country would have to run combined trials, which should be quite possible. It is just a moot point too, whether the situation would not be considerably eased if the R.A.C. put their foot down and said it will not grant permits for any competition taking place on a Sunday.

Our Minister of Transport has returned from Germany where we are told he inspected the new German motor roads. We are further informed that he has come away with the opinion that these roads are good and that they are worthy of imitation in this country. That, coupled with the fact that the memorandum drawn up by the large deputation composed of members of Parliament and representatives of the various motoring bodies who also journeyed to Germany recently, stated that the members were unanimously agreed that we ought to have special motor roads in this country, should be sufficient to warrant a start being made to supply

(Continued on page 278)

SUCCESS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: On what is generally accepted as the most difficult route in mid-winter, from Athens (2,639 miles), Mynheer M. Gatsonides, the well-known Dutch competitor, driving a Hillman Minx, reached his objective without the loss of a single mark. His car is seen above on the quayside at Monte Carlo

MASS PRODUCED MAINTENANCE: Cars on the "line" of a new car-valeting station which applies the principles of mass production to the job of making cars spick and span and is to be officially opened in London next week

ROAD CONSTRUCTION IN HAMPSHIRE: A mechanised digger removing a bank of chalk on the new Winchester by-pass now under construction. The Alton road bridge under which the new artery will pass is seen in the background

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THRESHOLD OF A CONTINENT: Table Mountain with the famous "table cloth" cloud laid on its summit, and Cape Town nestling beneath it. Most travellers—unless they go by air—gain their first impression of the Union at the Cape. They could have no finer introduction to this smiling land

WHAT WAS THAT? A lioness in Kruger National Park pricks up her ears at the approach of a car

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The Lure of South Africa, Land of Brilliant Sunshine and of Spectacular Grandeur: Kruger National Park, the Nature Lover's Goal

THERE are such varied interests for the traveller in the Union of South Africa that I might take any one of a dozen themes, pursue it to the bottom of the page and scarcely get beneath the surface. So it would be idle to pretend that you can claim to know the country well even after a tour of some weeks. It is a certainty, however, that it will inspire a longing to go again and again, perhaps even to stay for good.

The feeling that in our winter time South Africa is enjoying a summer such as we would like ours to be is in the first place a big factor in inducing the tourist to go there. There is much more in it than that. The country has grown up with us. Some of the place names revive grim memories of earlier wars, but the succeeding years of peace have seen a drawing together of the peoples by whom the deepest significance of the term union is fully realised.

There are other ways of approach—by air or by overland journey—but Cape Town remains the focal point of tourist traffic from Europe and America, and Durban for that approaching from the East.

The fastest liners do the journey to Cape Town from the country in a fortnight or little more, but for those who love the sea there are more leisurely vessels and you can generally count on the weather. If fortunate, you will approach Cape Town on a bright and sunny morning and be held fascinated by the majesty of Table Mountain. It is awesome too on a dull day when its summit is lost in the clouds which pour themselves into the wooded gorges along the mountain slopes, a weird effect well known in the homely term as "laying the table cloth". It is not long before one realises that there is in the Cape Peninsula enough of interest and beauty to hold attention for many a day. Though on any ordinary sized map of South Africa it is just a little hook, it has a marine drive 100 miles long following the Atlantic seaboard to the lighthouse at Cape Point and on the other side linking up a string of resorts on the way back to the city. An aerial railway to the top of Table Mountain is an easy way to a superb view.

You will not have been in Cape Town long before you realise how deeply impressed on the history and affairs of the land is the name of Cecil Rhodes. The memorial to him is on the slopes overlooking the Bay and his old home Groot Schuur—the name comes from the Dutch grain-barn which once stood on the site—is at Rondebosch, a few miles out of the town.

The botanist will wish to tarry long in the Peninsula for it is rich in flowers and plant life and the opportunities for studying them are exceptional.

Whatever else the country has to offer I feel the ultimate goal of any tourist must be the Kruger National Park. There was a time when some of us in the words of Kipling were "killing Kruger with our mouths"—that is what patriotic fervour does—but let us pay tribute to old Oom Paul as the succourer of the wild. It was he who prohibited the hunting of all wild animals throughout the low-veld between the foothills of the Drakensberg range and the Portuguese East African border. His work was interrupted by the second Boer war, but happily the same spirit inspired Lord Milner, who became Governor of the Transvaal. To-day the park extends over 8,000 sq. miles and for thirty-six years wild animals have been able to roam in this great sanctuary free from destruction.

Inside the park approximately 800 miles of roads are open to motor cars. What a trifle Whipsnade seems in comparison. There are other differences too. Each car is allowed to carry a sealed firearm, and I like the request of the Warden of the Park—"Please *don't* fire at any animal in the Park; although it may be considered vermin outside there is no vermin within its boundaries. Remember your weapon is for *self-protection only*."

Here is another of the Warden's happily worded pieces of advice:—"Don't become alarmed if lions stand and stare at your car. They mean no harm and in fact are looking at your car and not at you. The lion's nose tells him at once that a car is not good to eat and only smells of petrol. If you find lions standing or lying in the middle of the road in front of you it is not necessary to do more than slow down; when you get close they will get up and move to the side out of your way, but don't imagine because the lions are passive that they are therefore tame and that you can go up and pat them . . ."

And so on, even to this: "Don't bathe; there are often crocodiles in the smallest pools." Yes, Whipsnade has a lot to learn in giving us the thrill of the wild.

Living in this sanctuary are all manner of creatures from elephants and giraffes to wild dogs and grasshoppers, and you too may live there at one of the many well-run rest camps. The park is open from the end of May to the end of October and from mid-June on it is at its best.

We have travelled far from our landing point for the Park is away up on the north-west boundary of the Union. They are linked by the system of the South African railways, which operate over 13,000 route miles of line and 10,500 miles of road motor services. The excellence of the equipment and the administration are worthy of such a progressive country.

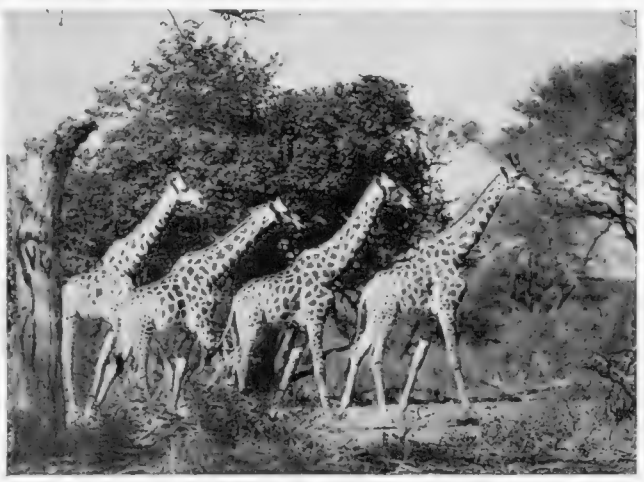
The line towards the other capitals climbs out of Cape Town through the hills to the wine lands of the Huguenots, over the Hex River Pass and on to the great Karoo plain, the interest of the tourist held all the time by the varied scenery. The magic name of Kimberley is now uppermost in the mind—the famous diamond city where Rhodes laid the foundations of his vast wealth. There is no difficulty in getting to see some of the mining operations. After that you must push on to the cities of contrasts, Pretoria and Johannesburg. They are only forty miles apart and linked also by an excellent highway.

Johannesburg may be said to have the volatility of youth and Pretoria the dignity of age, for fifty years ago the former was just a mining camp, when the latter had a sturdy growth of some thirty years. To-day Johannesburg is a city of high buildings and big business. Pretoria is a city of beauty, of tree-lined streets and fine buildings. For the tourist its interests include the mine where the famous Cullinan diamond was found and the old home of Kruger. From Pretoria the administrative business of the country is carried on.

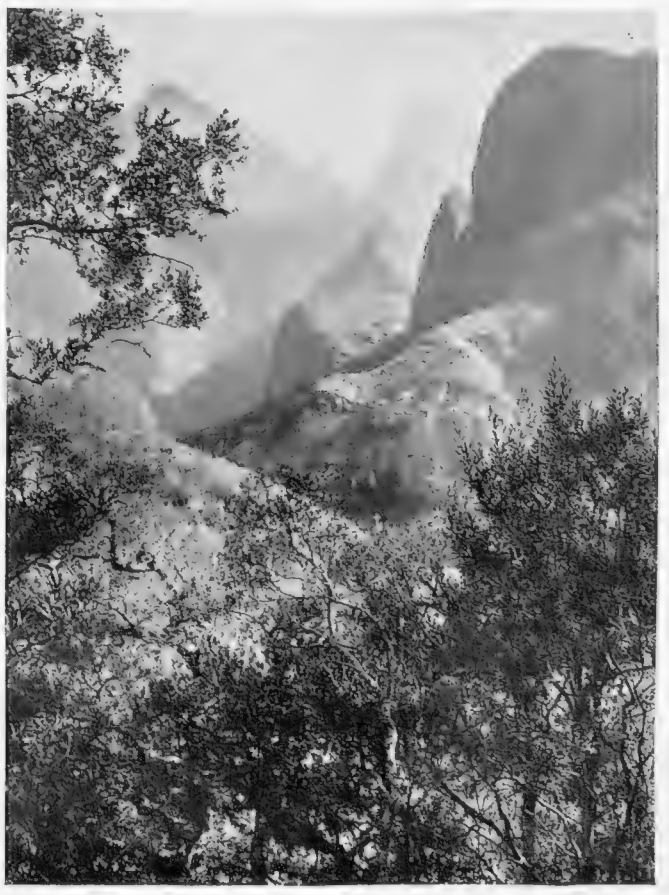
Another place to see is Bloemfontein, the judicial capital of the Union, and every good scout will insist on having a look round Mafeking. Then you must go down to Natal, taking on the way Drakensberg with the lofty height of Mont-aux-Sources, and the Natal National Park, which includes some of the finest scenery in the country. Ladysmith, famed for its siege, may also claim your attention. Pietermaritzburg, the capital, lies amid green hills and is now a city of quiet dignity with many fine buildings. Not far away is World's View, offering a splendid panorama, and another excursion is to the Howick Falls some 14 miles distant where the Umgeni River takes an unbroken leap of 365 ft.

The run to the coast from Maritzburg, as the capital of Natal is known, is some 70 miles or so through most interesting country. At one point there is a distant view of the Valley of a Thousand Hills, a really remarkable formation of the earth's crust. Durban, the playground of the Rand, has miles of beaches and also a busy commercial harbour. The Zulu rickshaw boys and their weird and gaily-coloured head-dress and clothes give a picturesque touch to life there.

Beverley Brooke



CROCODILE FASHION! Giraffes out for a stroll in Kruger National Park where the visitor to South Africa can see wild life in all the glory of its natural setting



On right—THE JAGGED, TOWERING OUTLINES OF THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS provide one of the grandest sights in all Africa. It is little wonder that the range, extending like a giant spine through the provinces, is the Mecca of mountaineers, artists, and holidaymakers

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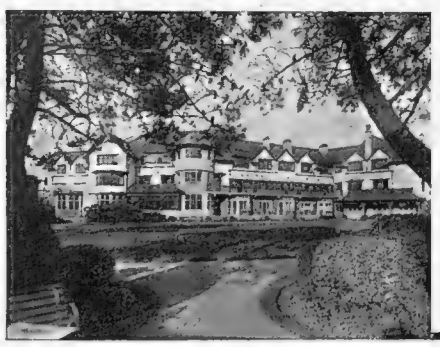

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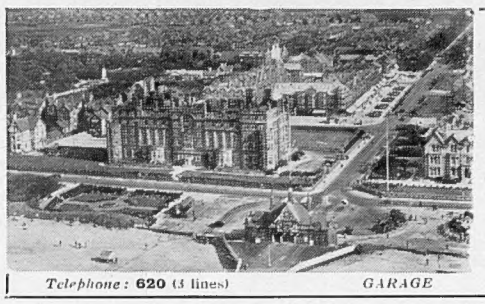
Some months ago I went all over the Hans Crescent, and what impressed me, beyond what I have already indicated, was the large number of self-contained suites and their extreme quietude. Perhaps it was at the Hans Crescent that the proverbial pin was first heard to drop!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot b accepted.*



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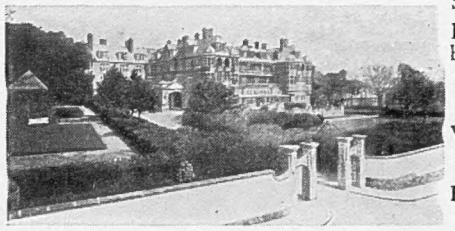
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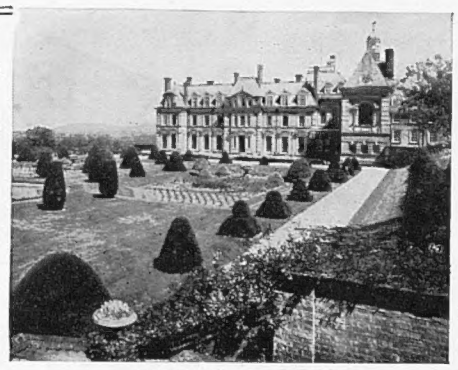
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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Knowle (Warwickshire).—Chadwick Manor.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.

RIVIERA RENAISSANCE (Continued from page 248)

Another small idea is that Belisha Brigades of retired colonels and general-officers might be formed in these latitudes, and if only out of admiration for the Secretary for War. Judging by the volume of rank wont to attend mammoth cocktail parties at a Monte Carlo bar, where "150 guests were yesterday regaled with all the right things—caviare, prawns, and pâté de foie"—a squad could be forthcoming from this haunt alone. This is the place where the (permanent) "personalities" of the coast forgather on global occasions; such mobilisations hardly to be confused with the well-known or flashy visiting element.

The delight of these is the Sporting Club at Monte, and (less so) the Casino at Cannes. In the first the big hours are from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m., and from 11 p.m. onwards. It is a beautifully graceful setting, and the restaurant is referred to by connoisseurs as being the most lovely in Europe, but "devaluation" gambling can be something of a joke, even at this altitude. I managed to lose 2s. at dice after playing with eightpenny chips for half an hour. At a neighbouring roulette table two prominent London figures were apparently hot and bothered over their 10 franc (1s. 4d.) stakes.

How easy it is to gaze with indifference on the tables when one has not this passion or vice—the hardest of all to break. And how very chary people should be about approaching others concerning their weaknesses or shortcomings. For another reason I could have bashed my companion's head. Not in criticism of anything he was doing, but because one simply could not get him off one perpetual topic. He had got it on the brain all right; one non-stop flow of gambling chatter. Only one amusing sidelight did he produce—how his table is swamped each morning with letters from people offering systems, and how he is nailed in the flesh whenever he ventures forth by people wanting him to wangle things for them Or else by downright cadgers. "The cadging is something awful." The letters usually begin in this strain: "You are losing your money. I've been watching you. There's no need . . ." etc.

Very few are staking on the old scale. The Greek Syndicate remains permanently on duty, but less than half a dozen names will exhaust the big gamblers—a James Hennessy, Duke of Westminster, Sir Frank Sanderson, Prince Bishnu of Nepal, M. Mattei, petrol king of the Midi. The last, who favours Cannes, sticks to every combination of three.

Just as the weather, for the second year running, has been quite exceptional, so the Blue Coast has scored this winter by reason of the rush of famous people to its bosom. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, it is hoped, will be "regulars," although this time they were seen in public but twice—that is, away from Mougins Golf Club—once in the Sporting and once in the Rooms at Cannes. Then there was the Whitehall descent: Mr. Eden, Sir Robert Vansittart, Sir John Simon, present simultaneously, and Mr. Lloyd George's golden wedding, and Mr. Churchill drinking the Riviera deeply while also getting down to his *History of the British Peoples*. Colonel Beck flitted by, too, liking the water for his outings. And now the kings are signalled, of Sweden and Denmark, not to mention the reigning Prince of Monaco.

CONTINUATIONS

The long-drawn-out depression has radically affected the Monégasque exchequer and budget, as hitherto devised. As is known, the "Rooms," or Society of Baths of the Sea, virtually met all local budgetary charges. So much so, that it became a cliché to say that the natives had everything done for them, were the luckiest of mortals. In late years, however, profits from the rooms have dwindled to such an extent (no dividend has been paid) that the so-called Cahier des Charges or Charter of Expenditure, extending from the reigning Prince down to refuse collectors, has been greatly reduced by the Casino authorities who no longer meet the main burden of municipal outlay, They have convened to make over to the Government, by way of compensation, an extra percentage on Casino takings.

THE PETROL WORLD (Continued from page 272)

us with the highways for which we have been clamouring for quite a number of years.

Realising, however, how difficult it is to get anything done effectively to alleviate the road problem in this country, I am not even now too hopeful that anything in the desired direction will mature. The provision of a great new system of trunk roads in Great Britain would mean a lot to private and commercial users, but there is an even more important consideration to be kept in view. The motor industry here obviously builds cars that are suited to be driven on the roads which are available. Likewise the motor trade in other countries design their vehicles with the same object in view.

If all other countries provide a great system of fast motor roads for their nationals we shall find before very long that British cars are not suited for these over-seas conditions, which would result in our exports of motor vehicles dropping. Somehow or other this Government, like those that have preceded it, appears unable or unwilling to recognise the fact that motoring has ceased to be just a pastime but is now part and parcel of one of our greatest industries, the prosperity of which contributes in no small way to the status of this country.

On more than one occasion I have referred to the suggestion that sooner or later motor car bodies would be almost completely composed of rubber. I have often thought that an excellent start in this direction could be made by giving us rubber wings or mudguards, but when I asked people in the know I always received the answer that the greatest difficulty in the way was the painting of such wings.

Some years have passed since I last mentioned this subject but I am glad to say that progress has been made, for only the other day I learnt from a high official of the Dunlop Rubber Company that rubber wings are now being made for commercial vehicles. Having got as far as that, I really believe that the all-rubber body is not far away. It certainly should mean cheaper motoring because our insurance companies must surely pass us on some of the benefit which they may receive when such bodies become universal.

Contemporary Camera Art.—The evolution of photography, marching hand in hand as it has with the latter-day development of science, has been more rapid perhaps than that of any other art form. For whereas the gap between successive significant phases of painting has invariably been one of decades, in camera art, on the other hand, each new year has brought in its train innovations in equipment and notable improvements in technique. A record of these changes is, of course, of intense interest and it is for this, among several reasons, that *Photography Year Book 1938: The International Annual of Camera Art* is a publication sincerely to be welcomed. Within its 470 pages are to be found the choicest examples of contemporary photographic work, with seascapes, landscapes, portraits, nature studies, architectural subjects, studies in the nude, and trick pictures each occupying a section of its own. It is a really magnificent volume, beautifully printed and bound, and considering its contents, is reasonably priced at £1:1:0. The publishers are Cosmopolitan Press Ltd., 48, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

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Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.

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Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA. R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT
Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

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Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES
Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

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Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE
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